THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

AT President Hoover's request, Congress has appropriated $100,000 to send the men of the Bonus Army back to their homes by railroad, with an allowance of seventy-five cents a day for food en route. The action came after our article (page 341) had been written by GARDNER JACKSON, a Bostonian, worker for many good and liberal causes who of late has been a freelance journalist in Washington. The method of handling the men had not yet been announced. And there appeared to be some doubt as to whether all of them would accept it and go. They marched on Washington to demand an advanced bonus payment, and were flatly refused. They have been suffered to live in makeshift huts and eat makeshift meals, chiefly of their own supplying. And now they are to be sent home at their own expense, for the railroad fares and per diem allowance are to be charged against their bonus, without interest.

OUT from Confusion, Dr. Frankwood E. Williams' article in the June Graphic, has aroused widespread discussion, both as an article and in the slightly different form in which he gave it as an address before the National Conference of Social Work. It has been widely applauded and widely criticized by those who spring to the defense of the religious motive and of organized religion. On page 346 MORRIS S. LAZARON takes up the challenge on the positive note of one who believes that we shall not get on with the making of a better world without a broadly religious motive. Dr. Larazon is rabbi of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation. Readers of The Survey Midmonthly will recall his Obligation to Bear Witness in the issue of January 15—a ringing challenge to social and religious workers to speak up as to the economic causes of the misery with which they must deal even if such testimony would bear down on their wealthy contributors. In an early issue, probably next month, we shall publish a closely related article by Helen Cody Baker, Confession of Faith, a Modern Woman's Catechism.

THE commissioner of welfare of Westchester County, New York, Ruth Taylor, is an outstanding member of the rapidly growing profession of public social service. She is a social worker, trained, experienced, highly regarded by her confreres. But she is also to a degree in politics, for come November her name will be in the voting machines for election to the post to which she was appointed to fill out the term of a predecessor who died in office. HAZEL CANNING, who writes of Miss Taylor (page 349) started in Boston and Radcliffe and as a teacher in a private school for girls, whence she burst into the city room of a Boston daily, then one in New York, and now is freelancing in both newspapers and magazines from her home in Yonkers, where she is a constituent of Miss Taylor's and one of those who assert in their modest way that "nothing is too good for Westchester."

LAST month we published Walter Hard's Vermont, a Way of Life, in which was described the modest security of a man who grows most of his own food and has a cash crop of milk, cordwood and maple-sugar off his own place. This month RUBE BOROUGH tells (page 353) of the city man who rebels at machines and cities and panics and sets up on a little place on a California hilltop where he too can grow most of his own food, with occasional writing as a cash crop. Mr. Borough, who grew up in Michigan where his grandparents were among the pioneers, turned up presently as a reporter in Los Angeles and as collaborator with Judge Lindsey in The Dangerous Life. A while back he wrote us: "This weekend we had beets and beet-greens—there's a real agrarian's dish for you, topped with strips of bacon—fresh young turnips in cream, carrots and radishes from this garden. I've got the various vegetables coming on in succession so that I believe our major food articles each week will come from the garden until late in the fall. If I had my goats and chickens now, I wouldn't have to buy a durned thing!"

TURNING from stories of her clients in the Juvenile Court of Cleveland, ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE here (page 358) plays gaily with the idea of applying tests to the testers—physical, mental, vocational tests to social workers, nurses, doctors, policemen, teachers and those other assorted "busybodies" who are so ready to prescribe sure cures for their fellows.

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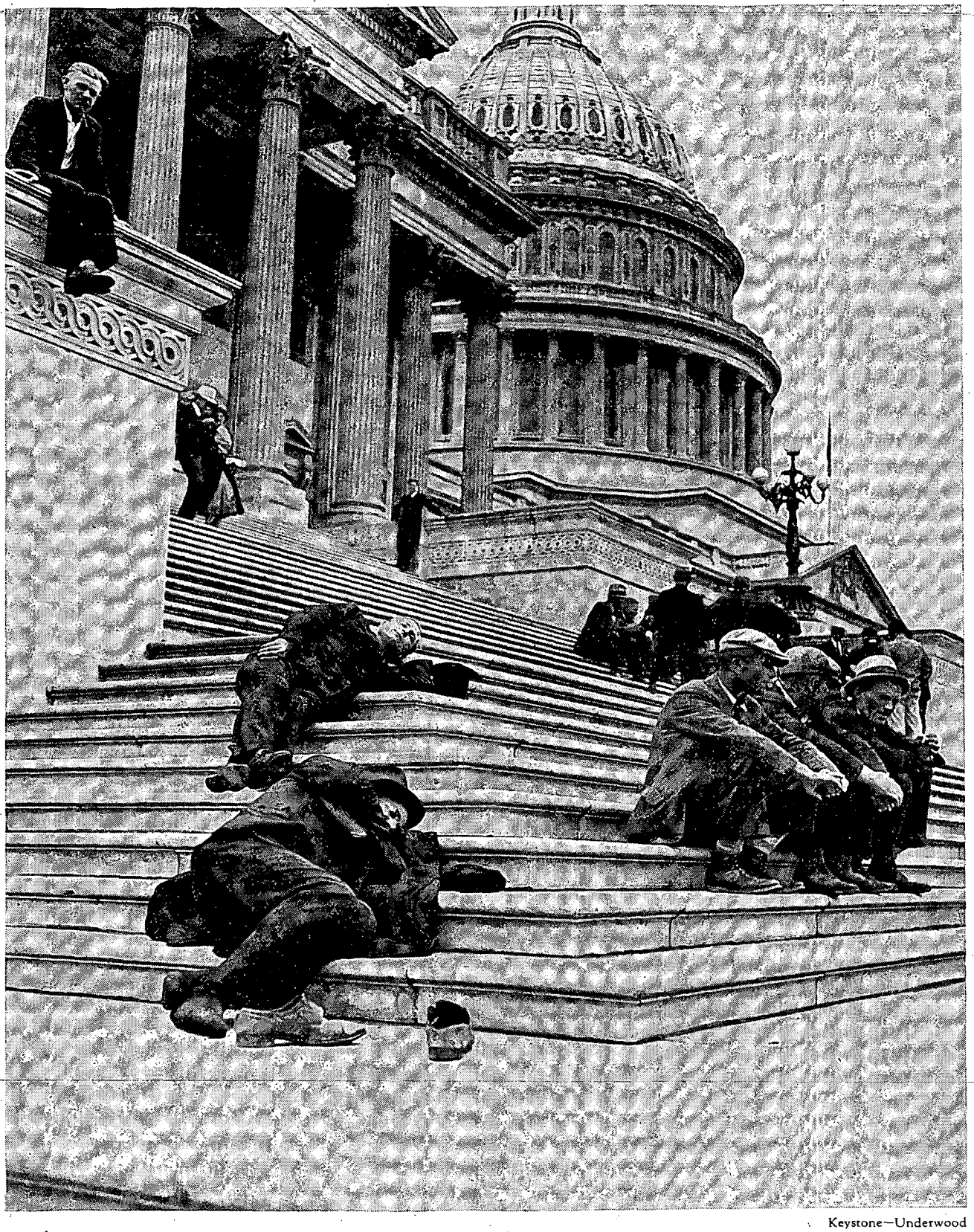

Keystone—Underwood

LAID ON UNCLE SAM'S DOORSTEP

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

AUGUST 1
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Volume LXVIII
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Unknown Soldiers

By GARDNER JACKSON

THE army of bonus-seeking veterans now laying siege to the Nation's Capitol fits into no precise category formulated by sociologists or mass psychologists. The abstractions phrased by academic students of the faltering American system do not encompass the swift-moving and vital forces which sent thousands of men in their prime of life to dig in like rats along Pennsylvania Avenue and on the Anacostia mud flats bordering the Potomac River, with a defiant yet passive determination which still held when this article was written, July 1.

They are a conglomerate and colorful mass, these men of thirty-five to forty-five years old, who have been thrown out of jobs and homes by the collapse of the post-war boom. Like their more learned brothers, the economists, they are quite bewildered. They know neither the cause of the depression nor the way out. But they have found something to do immediately. They have discovered that the mass technique which they learned as recruits or drafted men preparing to fight for the American scheme of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is serviceable to them in times of peace when that scheme has failed them. And they fall back into that technique as easily as if it had been just yesterday that they first stumbled into squads, platoons and companies under the bullying of a tough top-sergeant. Without second thought they called themselves "The Bonus Expeditionary Force."

One may not agree intellectually or even sympathize emotionally with the stated object of these bonus marchers on their spontaneous trek from all corners of the country to Washington. But one cannot mingle much with them and escape the positive impression that a large proportion of them are moved by more than a mere urge to collect a few hundred dollars apiece. Blindly, if you will, they are searching for security, and many of them realize that a few hundred dollars will not give them that.

It is true (as this is written) that nothing in the statements of the army's leaders has outlined a program for security. They have harped almost solely upon the bonus. But in conversations with W. W. Waters, thirty-four-year-old ex-canning factory superintendent of Portland, Oregon, who led the first contingent here and who has three times been elected leader, it was clear, early in the siege, that he and his associates thought of their enterprise as one destined to be the vanguard of a march of the general unemployed to demand of Congress the enactment of a complete program that would insure jobs and relief for all. The bonus was just a strategic device they were using.

Waters, an ex-Socialist, has an attitude typical of the average run of men in the army, though he is superior to the mass in training and personality. He was driven to the adventure by sheer desperation. He had been out of a job for more than a year—which is true of 95 per cent of the bonus marchers. His wife and two small children were getting along as best they could on relief by friends and the regular agencies. Why not try to collect the fifteen hundred dollars still owing him on his adjusted service certificate? If he left home there would be one less mouth to feed.

Over and over this story, with slight variations, has been repeated to me by members of the army. "What's the good of going back home, if we haven't got jobs or money?" they ask. "The wife and kids are better off without us. They get their relief whether we're there or not. And they don't have to worry about us hanging around and about feeding us." That note of sharp discomfort over being in the home without a job is in the tones of many of them—a sense of deep uneasiness as their wives perform their housekeeping and mothering tasks under distressing circumstances or even perhaps work at odd jobs as charwomen or waitresses while they, the supposed breadwinners, are idle.

WHO are the men of this Bonus Expeditionary Force? Are they looking for an easy berth, or does it take a sturdy sort of American to trek the breadth of the continent to petition a government that once called him a hero? What have they been doing since the War? How did the depression get them? Are they Communists? Who are their leaders? What do they think of their country? Is the bonus all they want?

No accurate estimate of the number of married men among the fifteen thousand to twenty thousand bonus marchers is pos-

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"Like their more learned brothers, the economists, they are bewildered; and they know neither the cause of the depression nor the way out of it"

sible, but it is safe to place the proportion at 60 per cent. More than half of that number, to be conservative in my figures, have children. When the camps were fairly well established an increasing number of veterans began to arrive with their families. The wailing of ill-nourished youngsters became common. Milk was scarce.

THESE men did not appear to be starving as they hiked or rode into Washington in rattletrap old cars and trucks. This is contrary to the picture of the men drawn by bonus-thumping politicians in Congress and by some newspaper correspondents. But consider for a moment the manner in which these marchers dug in and organized themselves on the Anacostia mud flats without help from anyone. Consider the appalling living conditions which they underwent there and elsewhere in the city for five weeks before a sign of serious sickness appeared among them. This, it seems to me, is fair evidence that they were not worn down by starvation.

That first contingent of veterans from Oregon, and those from other states which followed in rapid succession, who were lodged across the Potomac by Brig.-Gen. Pelham D. Glassford, superintendent of the District police, swept up over a hill beyond the Anacostia flats, scavenged the city dump heap on top of it and literally, within the space of several days, built their camp out of that refuse plunder. Such an accomplishment hardly seems the work of men languid from under-nourishment.

Egg-crates, paper-boxes, rusty bed-springs; fenders, bodies and seats from junked autos; pieces of corrugated iron roofing, rusty fence-wire, filthy old bed-ticking, chicken-coops, moth-eaten blankets, parts of baby carriages—these and scores of other articles composing the dump-heap of a large city went to make the dog hovels under which the veterans sought protection. Burdock leaves and long grasses from the mud flats, woven into the chicken wire, were prized roofing material. There the veterans slept, under primitive shelters barely high enough to allow their bodies to turn, and there many of them still sleep, rain or shine, under conditions reminiscent of war. This Anacostia camp is the main camp, housing, or perhaps more accurately, sheltering ten thousand members of the army.

Through the good offices of General Glassford, the only official of either the District of Columbia or the federal government willing to assume responsibility for the care of the veterans, a small amount of lumber was secured to build sheds. He also was instrumental in borrowing some tents from a neighboring National Guard outfit, while other tents were set up by the "Sallies" and other religious organizations. One of the tents had a large sign on it proclaiming, "Christian Services — morning — afternoon — evening — Jesus Saves."

The ex-soldiers outside the Anacostia camp—those in the vacant buildings and in the two camps where barracks and tents were ready, fared somewhat better. But even they, lacking anything approaching an adequate supply of cots, beds or mattresses, have been living a decidedly uncomfortable life. Yet they all have shown a surprising resilience under it—hardly the resilience of starving men.

THOUGH not actually starving, these men—the 60 per cent of them who are not mere floaters or out for a lark—are at the end of their ropes. They are close enough to starvation to know what it means for themselves and their families. The depression began to get its talons in them over a year ago. The stark realization of what they are up against came gradually. They lost their regular jobs as sheet-metal workers, lumberjacks and sewer builders. They were able to piece out for a while with odd jobs—jobs mowing lawns, helping in truck gardens, washing automobiles, digging ditches, doing anything to get a few dollars for home. Then these odd jobs got scarcer and were no longer to be had. That's the average story of the army.

And what do they say to those critics, academic or political, who accuse them of attacking the democratic process by going to Washington in large numbers, with the implied threat of direct action always in the background? This is what they say in the first issue of their newspaper, The B. E. F. News, and in a thousand ways, full of oaths, individually:

It is the right of every American citizen to appeal to the Congress of the United States in behalf of something he favors, or to remonstrate against something of which he disapproves. That right is in-

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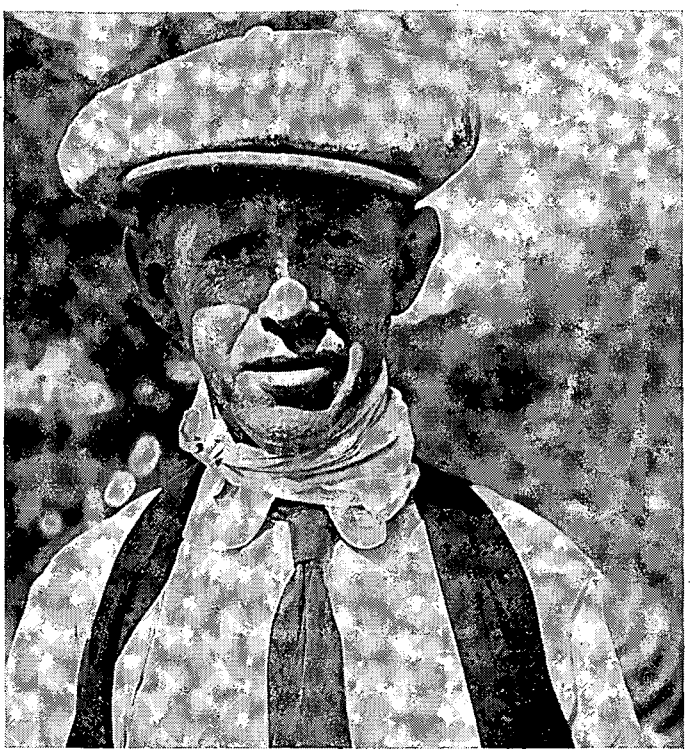
herent in our citizenship, and it is as fundamentally American as the Declaration of Independence. The evidence that this right is exercised every day mounts to the sky. Who is so dumb that he does not know of the lobbies at Washington maintained by the powerful interests seeking to retard or to advance measures about which they are concerned?

Such lobbies are as numerous as the leaves of the forest. Many of them are known to the nation. The high tariff brigade was disclosed in all its ramifications during the regime of Joe Grundy. The Anti-Saloon League, under the masterful leadership of Wayne B. Wheeler, dominated the government and terrified both the Congress and the executive departments. The Anti-Prohibitionists are now having their day. The Steel Interests, The Railroad Interests, The Woolen Interests . . . The Financial Interests—all have their lobbies here.

Does anyone tell them to go home? Have you ever heard of any smooth fellow who throws heavy dinners at the Willard being ordered out of town? Not so you could notice it. The distinction is that the B.E.F. have no money to spend on luxurious entertainment, and do not understand the subtle methods of their wily competitors. But they are sustained by the righteousness of their cause. They have come to appeal to the Congress of the United States. And they are going to stick.



"These men of 35 to 45 years old, who were thrown out of jobs and homes by the collapse of the post-war boom"

And with what grim humor their point of view is reflected in the slogans on their hovels and battered cars. "Hoover Diet," on a placard over two dry crusts and a glass of water placed on a stand in front of one shelter. "Contributed by Senator Reed of Penn.," pinned over two dry and bare old bones on a box in front of another.

"Millions for War, not one cent for hungry vets," on a battered old car is repeated in a hundred variations. "Food and clothing now. Not a coffin later," is another common one. Others of the dozens are: "Did the U. S. ever have ragged soldiers? Not until today"; "Help us to get the wrinkles out of our bellies"; "God loves a cheerful giver. So does a hungry vet."

One veteran with gruesome cynicism, made three graves in front of his hut, decorated them with white stones and fashioned realistic heads from vegetables and wood as headstones for each. They simulated the graves of Mellon, Dawes and Hoover and bore such inscriptions as "Mellon In Hell."

Humor of a lighter mood—and typical of the esprit de corps which animated the army during its early weeks in Washington—was provided by the veteran who rescued a broken-down baby carriage from the dump-heap, hoisted it to the platform in the center of Anacostia camp, had the bugler blow assembly, and when the crowd gathered, shouted, "Anybody who wants to go home—here's transportation! Here's transportation for any baby in the crowd!"

The men argue among themselves a great deal, so much that it is surprising there have been so few physical encounters. They shoot craps for what little stakes they have and bandy rumors as they used to in the War. But they do not sing—not even on their formal demonstration marches up Pennsylvania Avenue. Short rations discourage singing.

A PARADOX of the bonus army is the virulence of their curses at both the bankers and the Communists. They treat the latter roughly whenever they can lay hands on them. They have to be content with using words to lambast the former. These veterans denounce Hoover, insist it is the right of every citizen to have a job and that the government should take over the industries of the country to make that possible and then, in the next breath, they swear vengeance on "the reds who come in here trying to stir up trouble with their Marxism, Leninism and Bolshevism."

Mike Thomas, unemployed structural steel worker from Camden, New Jersey, who did an extraordinarily competent job organizing the Anacostia camp, epitomizes this paradox. Mike is a renegade A. F. of L. man who rebelled against the racketeers in that organization. Yet, as commander of the camp, he was as active as anyone in running down reds. And all the while he admitted on the side that they had a lot of good ideas.

Commanders: Left to right: Elmer Jensen, Salt Lake City; W. W. Waters, George Kleinbody, A. F. Taylor, Portland, Ore. Waters, ex-factory superintendent, has been leader three times

Red-baiting in the camps may or may not have been stirred up by agents provo-

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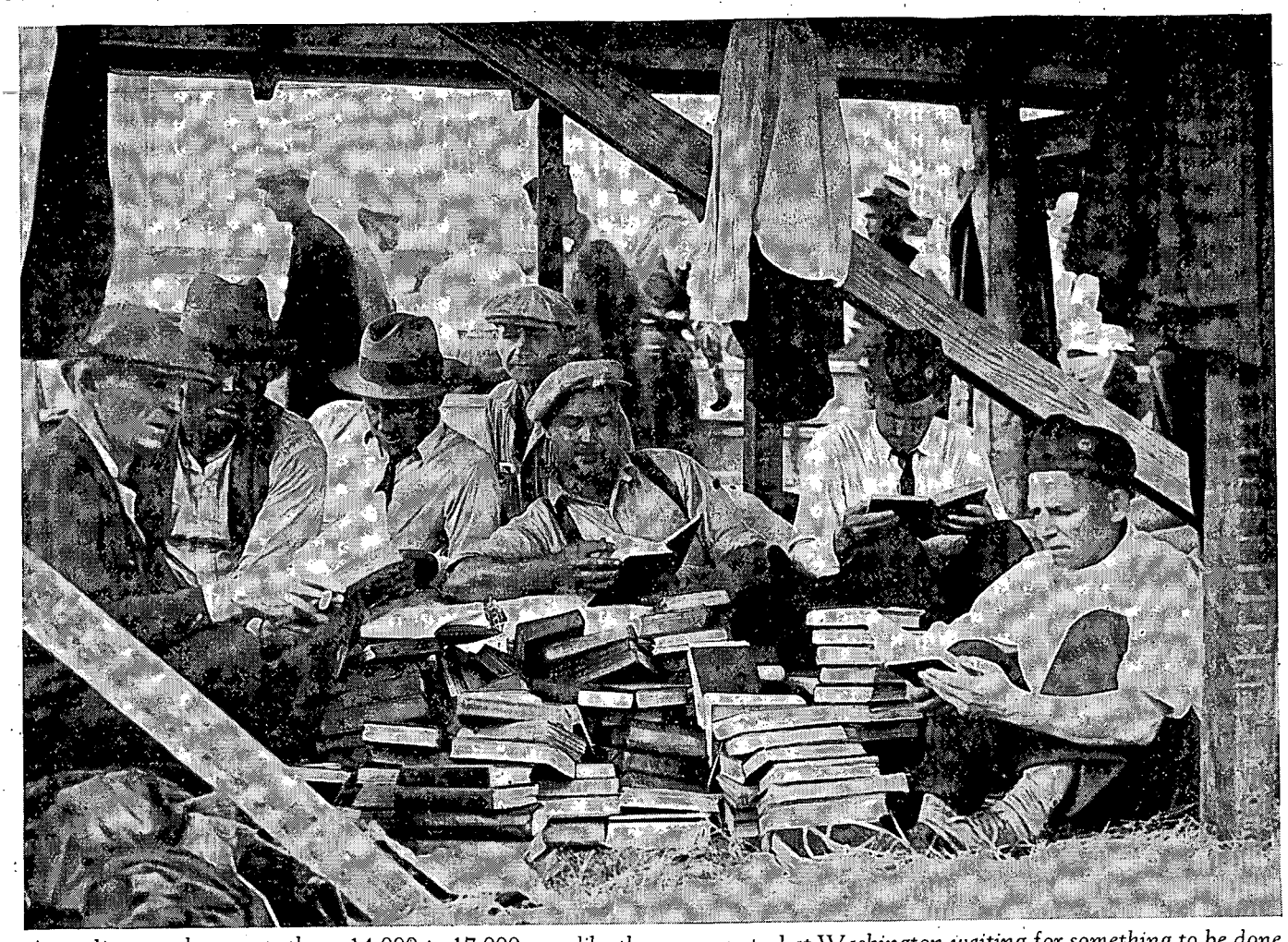

According to who counts them, 14,000 to 17,000 men like these are camped at Washington waiting for something to be done for them. Boxes of books come in with the other supplies. What they miss now is the "Y"—and Elsie Janis

cateur of the government but it was obviously whipped up by the press. Every veteran for a time was spying on every other. It is apparent that these men still have a hangover from their red-baiting jag of war- and immediate post-war days. It is further evident that they have not recovered from the concurrent jag of 100% patriotism. They wave the flag, keep their decorations shined and boast of the blood they lost in defense of their country. Yet I pass on what one gentle, intelligent, little acetylene welder from up-state New York (with a wife whose teeth sorely need attention and a small daughter who is guyed at school because of her ragged clothes) said to me: "They kick about the reds all the time, but that's what they're making out of us and don't realize it. There's no telling what will happen."

COMMENT has been general on the excellent discipline evidenced by the polyglot army in which Negroes and whites mingle without restriction and in which the relatively few white-collar workers—the lawyers, doctors, newspaper men and office men—are taking the scanty pot-luck with coal miners, truck drivers and plumbers. The men up to the time these words are set down have, indeed, practised the first large scale attempt to mimic Mahatma Gandhi's passive resistance (I might be thrown out as a red if I told them that in person). Gathered in large numbers around the Capitol the night the Senate voted down the bonus bill, they were in an uncertain mood when they heard the news. There was great tension and considerable growling. A brief word from young Waters on the Capitol steps sent them home. Nor did their resentment flare into active demonstration when the police raised the drawbridge over the Potomac to keep back a large body of them headed for the Capitol.

Among the factors contributing to this passivity, three seem to me prominent. First is the understanding and intelligent handling of their problems by General Glassford and the police under his direction. Second is the habit of routine and acquiescence established in them by their service in the War—a habit which is not easily lost once it is firmly implanted. Third is realization by the veterans that, although they have far from universal support for their bonus demand, they have strong sympathy of large sections of public opinion for their general predicament. They have the hunch that violence of any kind might alienate that support.

Two exceptions should be noted to the application of an accolade of passive resistance (if it be one) to the bonus army. They commandeered trains whenever possible en route to Washington and a certain group of them led by John Pace and his Detroit veterans have commandeered vacant buildings in back of the Department of Agriculture. Pace and his men are members of the Workers Ex-Servicemen's League, though they insist they are not Communists. Pace, a sewer contractor, seems to be an able and fearless leader of his contingent. He is bitterly opposed to what he labels "the vest-pocket dictatorship" of Commander Waters and insists that the army should be directed by "rank and file" leadership.

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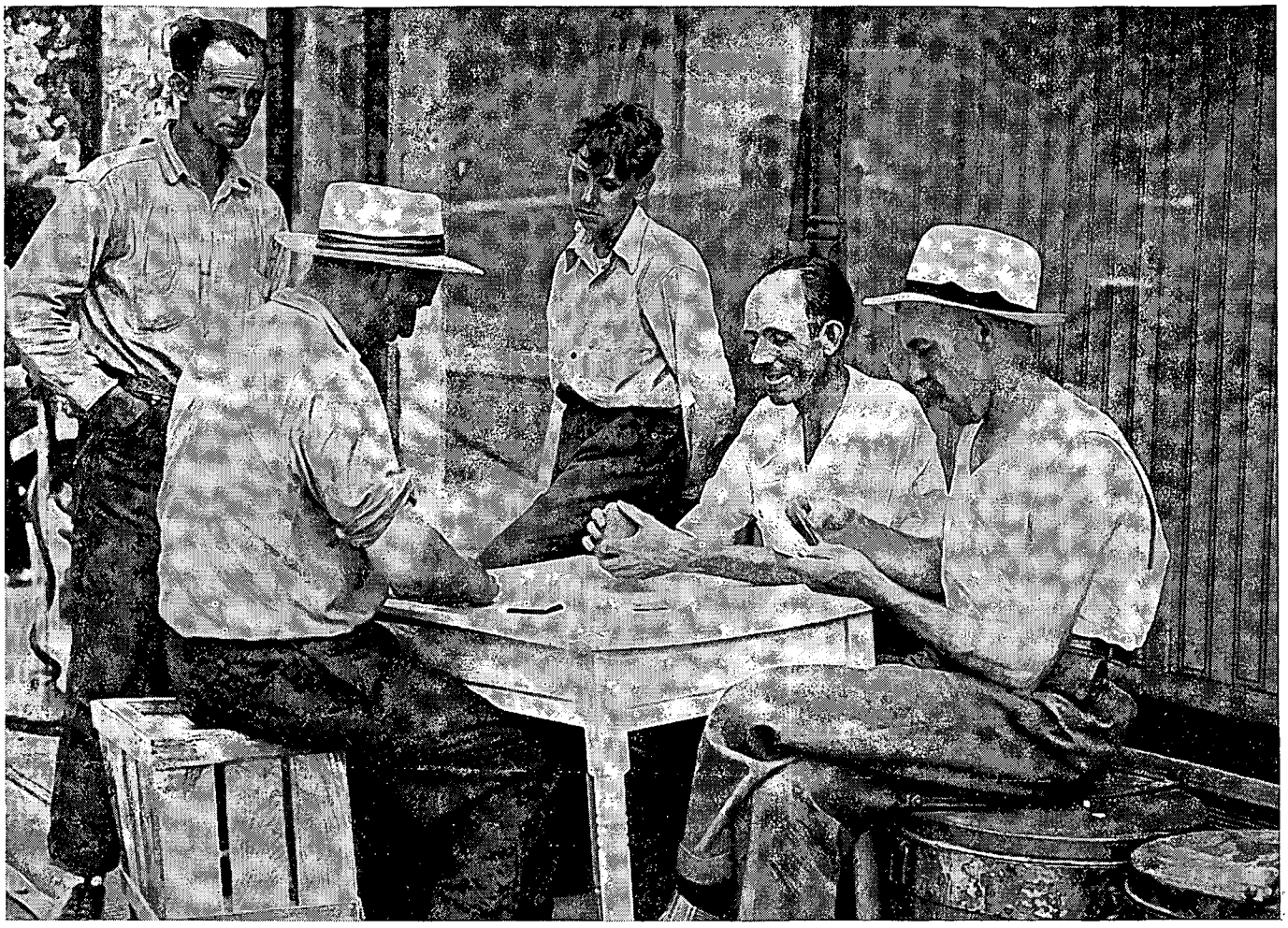

"What's the good of going back home if we haven't got any jobs or money? The wife and kids are better off without us. They get their relief whether we're there or not. And they don't have to worry about us hanging around"

THE truth seems to be that the forces which led these thousands of men to lay siege on Washington are strong forces which require more than intellectual leadership. They have not had leadership yet. Father Cox of Pittsburgh has given the men a tirade against the bankers and told them to stick fast. The radio priest, Father Coughlin, has loaned them five thousand dollars, inveighed against the Communists and likewise told them to stick fast. William Randolph Hearst, financing the headquarters of the army, has put some of his high-power writers on the expedition and tried to exploit it for his own purposes.

But there has been no genuine leadership. That is one of the tragedies of this army, this microcosm of American life under conditions of a deep depression. Which way are the forces to turn?

Young Waters, assuming the role of "hard-boiled dictator" following his re-election after twice resigning due to internal dissension, has ordered his army to drill an hour each day. "Twenty thousand men doing squads right in the shadow of the Capitol are not to be sneezed at!" he declares. If his men respond and are not disintegrated by the threatened spread of epidemic dysentery, what is to be done about that? Starve them into disbanding? It won't work. Fascism? Socialism? Communism? What? The forces that gathered this bonus army from every state in the union are on the move. They seem to be swift. Who will direct them? And which way?

A month after the army had descended upon Washington I was stopped at Cotuit, Massachusetts, in the center of Cape Cod, by as Yankee a cranberry farmer as ever spoke with a nasal twang. "You've just come from Washington?" he asked. "Have you seen the bonus army and talked with any of the boys? Are they going to get anywhere?"

An eagerness born of months of miserable insecurity was in his words. A war veteran himself, he told me what the depression had done to him and his family. He was pinning anxious faith on his ex-buddies gathered in Washington. "I'd be down there myself with them now," he exclaimed, "if I didn't have to stay here to get what little I can on my crops. But I tell you this—if next winter is as bad as last I'm not going to take it lying down. I don't know just what I'll do, but I'll do something. And there are a lot of others down here that feel the same way."

The bonus army, justifiably or not, has, indeed, become the symbol of hopeful action for hundreds of thousands of men throughout the country who, like the Cape Cod Yankee, are so much on the ragged edge that they will not take another winter like the last one "lying down." It is, in short, the first significant manifestation of desperate unrest in this country after three years of the depression.

All efforts to disperse it at this time seem to fail, including the Congressional appropriation of $100,000 for transportation and subsistence for the men en route to their homes. With Waters and his advisers conceiving themselves more and more as American Hitlers, it begs louder than ever for intelligent and aggressive leadership. Will our American scene provide that leadership?

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Confusion Less Confounded

A Rabbi Takes Up the Challenge of a Psychiatrist

By MORRIS S. LAZARON

THE article by Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, Out From Confusion, in the June Survey Graphic is a magnificent protest against the sham, self-delusion and hypocrisy of contemporary life. His protest is brave, sound and salutary. His evident sincerity made the reading of it a moving experience.

Because I agree so heartily with Dr. Williams' indictment and share his indignation at the cruel wrongs that create human misery I am loath to take issue with him. Yet he has made such summary disposition of matters I deem vital that I cannot keep silent. Certainly if "doctors disagree" in the diagnosis of physical ailments—their own field—I, a mere rabbi, may offer to a learned psychiatrist something of diagnosis and remedy for the social malaise which lies as much in my field as in his.

THE article begins on the current note of disillusionment. We thought "we were building a better society on the basis of justice, duty, generosity, charity derived from brotherly love." But we were only making a "beginning." Every social advance was microscopic and came at the cost of terrific effort. We have had a continual struggle to promote the social good because devotion to the common weal is only a lip-loyalty; because man is an aggressive animal; because though he attempts to conceal his aggressiveness beneath an assumption of kindliness he succeeds only in rationalizing his innate selfishness, he does not sublimate it. This dichotomy between what man really is and what he professes to be produces a sense of guilt which expresses itself in compensatory hypocrisy, cruelty, anti-social and repressive laws and institutions.

Dr. Williams declares it is stupid and futile to go to religion. The "preacher" is the "professional tragedy of this generation." He finds himself torn at every step by the interests of his own inner convictions, his personal needs and the limitations the social order forces upon him. The social worker is in danger of becoming equally futile because he too depends for his livelihood on the very groups which create the problems he is challenged to solve. We cannot find any solution to the problem outside man. God can't help. Man must find within himself the power to curb his aggressiveness and direct it into social channels. This contemplates the acceptance of a new set of principles to govern industry and human relations. And this means open confession that we are not really moved by considerations of justice and humanity; it means we accept the fact that we are naturally aggressive and selfish. Then having made peace with ourselves by this confession and having thus removed the sense of guilt, we can begin the task of social reconstruction with much greater chance of success.

DR. WILLIAMS resents the slowness of social progress. But when one counts the aeons of time it took to make the earth, to develop the animal, to evolve man, why should it be disillusioning to realize that it takes time to civilize and socialize man? In the natural order progress is measured by centuries of centuries. Why should the cultivation of man's spirit take less time?

I might say to Dr. Williams that it seems passing strange too that it takes so long to cure some forms of mental functional deviation. As a psychiatrist he might reply that the malady is the result of long accumulation of numerous factors; the disturbance is but the final result. But if it takes so long to re-integrate and stabilize an individual, why is it so strange that it takes time to bring to fulfillment all the latent nobilities of millions of human beings in the complex relations of the social, political and economic order?

DR. WILLIAMS is on much sounder ground when he asks why so much effort is required to achieve an obvious social benefit. He answers: because the men and women who support the welfare agencies are torn between two interests—their loyalty to the organization and their own personal interest in the preservation of the present social order, with the latter really dominant. I put the issue more sharply. The social worker is confronted with problems which have been created by the very men who support his work. The system which makes possible generous gifts creates the poverty which the worker is called upon to alleviate. There is no permanent social usefulness in caring for two hundred and fifty families this year when next year another hundred will be added to the list. The problems are created by defects in the system. The duty of our generation is to reconstruct the system. [See The Obligation to Bear Witness, by Morris S. Lazaron, Survey Midmonthly, January 1932.]

Trapped in this dilemma, what is the way out? According to Dr. Williams God can't help. Religion is bankrupt; its leaders pathetic failures. Social work and workers are in danger of an equally tragic debacle.

It would seem that the only logical thing to do would be for us all to resign forthwith as social workers and ministers and join the social revolutionaries. But Dr. Williams proposes nothing so radical as this. He proposes simply that we recognize the devil in man and adjust our ideals and principles accordingly.

But is this idea of his anything so startling or new? Hasn't western civilization always reckoned with the devil in man? For all his denial of religion, is the author not raising the ghost of the old evangelical superstitions? I am reminded of a familiar quatrain:

> You ask me for something original
> I hardly know where to begin
> For I possess nothing original
> Excepting original sin.

But Dr. Williams reverts not only to theological patterns —*mirabile dictu*—he actually ascends the pulpit and cries out with the preachers of all time. (This naive, unconscious reversion is delightful, especially coming from a psychiatrist.)

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We need to confess our sins—our sins of aggression against each other. We need to search ourselves and to discover what is true of ourselves. We do not love each other. We must admit this. Until we do admit it there is no hope for us. When frankly we do admit it we shall at least be ready to make a beginning.

Here Dr. Williams, who criticized the "beginnings" of social endeavor, pleads for a *beginning* of his own sort. But is there really any difference between the *beginnings* of child-clinic work in New York or elsewhere and the *beginnings* of a mass recognition that we are all aggressive creatures? Perhaps these very *beginnings,* child clinics here and there, little oases established after years of arduous labor, result from the silent, persistent influences of those principles of religion, of justice and brotherhood which Dr. Williams minimizes.

HOWEVER we should meet the author on his own ground.

In these difficult times we are told that we should go to temple; that we should get in touch with God. We do not need the temple. We do not need to get in touch with God. We need to get in touch with each other.

This is perfectly plain speaking. Personally I welcome it. It represents the point of view of many people. It is stupid for religionists to throw up their hands in horror and utter "blasphemy!" Although religion is to me the profoundest experience and the ultimate explanation of reality to which man can attain at present, I am willing to concede that this is but one interpretation of the universe. Other interpretations are held to be true by other people. For me religion represents truth. My desire here is to point out why I believe *religion cannot be ignored in any attempt to solve the problems of social maladjustment.*

I admit the tragic position in which religion finds itself today. Oftentimes the very men who support church and synagogue are those responsible for the problems that plague us. As I have pointed out from my own pulpit and elsewhere, one of the searching questions that church and synagogue must face today is this: are they brave enough to risk the support of rich contributors by challenging the soundness of the entire system which enriches them? I maintain that when the record of these terrible years is put down, foremost among the names of those who have preached and practiced this doctrine week in, week out will be enlightened men and women in the pews and fearless clergy, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. This is all perfectly obvious. But it is just as well to state it for the benefit of those who indulge in wholesale condemnation of religion.

But Dr. Williams' point is not whether individual ministers, priests and rabbis have done this; it is rather whether God and church and synagogue are needed. He says No. I say Yes. I say Yes because the dynamic which these men have found, the inspiration of the ancient Hebrew prophets for social justice in the name of the living God, is still the most powerful incentive to stir the will and move the hearts of the masses of men.

DR. WILLIAMS declares that all we need do is to recognize that we do not love one another. Then we shall take the first step out from confusion. I hold that we already recognize this. I suggest further that the mere recognition does not offer sufficient stimulus even for a *beginning.* The majority of men need a greater dynamic than knowledge. I believe we can find that dynamic best in the very churches and synagogues to which Dr. Williams declares that we need not go. Or rather to which he says we should not go.

Churches and synagogues represent not themselves but the eternal spirit of justice and human kindness. Many of them are not worthy of the things they symbolize; many seem to care more about the preservation of the institution, its customs and traditions, its credos and theologies, than they do about a juster economy. But at their best they offer stimulus to social responsibility which no amount of knowledge can offer.

DR. WILLIAMS approaches the social problem from the point of view of the psychiatrist. Certain mental maladies are caused by the non-recognition of potent factors that lie beneath the surface of our consciousness. Through the probing of the psychiatrist these influences, ideas, fears and prejudices are brought to the surface; we recognize how they dominate our conduct. Having revealed them, we are able to release ourselves from them. We substitute something more normal and healing. The method is good in dealing with an individual patient. Whether it will work as a solution of the social problems of our time is questionable. It is excellent to call contemporary society before the bar and indict it of hypocrisy. Society may repent and "hit the sawdust trail." But I doubt it. To tell a man he is "aggressive" will not cause him to stop being aggressive. He needs another stimulus. I can hear some of the men on our church and charity boards say: "All right, Dr. Williams, I'm aggressive. I know it. But what about it?" To tell society it is hypocritical and self-seeking will not cause society to stop being so. Another, a more vital challenge is necessary.

I'm afraid Dr. Williams attributes a greater measure of developed social conscience than we really have. It is not the *feeling* of guilt or the lack of it that inhibits social advance. I would respectfully suggest that Dr. Williams has gotten tied up with the terminology, the ideology and the patterns of thinking of the psychiatrist. It is a perfectly understandable mistake. Just as of course he will say of me: "Well, Rabbi, in your plea for religion you are reverting to the patter and patterns of your kind." I'll admit this. But only in part. It is one thing to say to a man: You've been acting as though you were prompted by the highest of motives whereas in truth you are really a selfish, aggressive and unpleasant fellow. Consequently you are suffering from a feeling of guilt. Recognize the common clay you are and act on it and not only you but everyone else will be happier. That is what Dr. Williams would say. At least so I understand him. But how in the world this will make for a better social order Dr. Williams does not make clear.

On the other hand, say to a man or to society: We are all human beings. We have not only bad tendencies but good tendencies. We are capable not only of selfishness and greed but of good-will and love. We were created that way. We are all of us caught up in this mysterious experience called life. We are parts of a process which, while at times it seems objective, cruel, ruthless, is at other times intimate, personal, kindly. For every catastrophe I can point to a blessing. The thunderstorm that wrought havoc to crop and habitation cleanses the air, waters the ground and evokes the ministrations of healing and helpfulness for the stricken and forlorn. For every disease the frantic effort to discover cause and cure. For every famine the outstretched hands to feed the hungry. And in your personal life you have known heartache and frustration and despair; but you have known also work and struggle and achievement, the tenderness of friendship and love, the joy of fulfillment. You do not comprehend it all

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but faint intimations come to you, whispers that tell you it is "all a part of one stupendous whole"; that you, one single being, are worthy in the scheme of things. Some intelligence is attempting a glorious adventure with nature and humanity as materials. You are necessary not only to an adequate explanation of the story of life but necessary also to its happy conclusion.

Will you work with that mind and will and love we call God? He expects it of you. Will you yield to the promptings of the true, the beautiful and the good within you and so in your own life further this mystic process of evolving glory in which we all have a share?

It seems to me that this second approach, this religious approach obviously offers the stronger and more dynamic stimulus to the will.

BUT Dr. Williams appears to change the basis of his argument when he declares: "Aggression acknowledged, we are face to face with the problem of dealing with it." And the method he suggests is: "We must put down aggression as it exists today."

This apparently reverses his position. First he took the ground that to acknowledge aggression and bring it to light would be sufficient. Now he declares that it must be turned to social account by *putting it down;* we must not be afraid "to use force where necessary" to put down aggression when that force would be for the common interest. But what does he mean by force? He has decried force from "without." He says: "Man's fear drives him to seek security where he will never find it—outside himself in defensive-offensive group alliances with laws, rules, regulations and eventually armies and to sanctify in the name of group law and order the very things he has been fleeing from. . . . Our bondage is to ourselves . . . an individual's freedom comes first from within, secondly from without. . . ." But I ask, what is the force from within that must be roused to action and brought to dominate man's life?

Dr. Williams would say man's better nature. But I reply, why should one yield to one's better nature? What indeed is one's better nature? What are the values of the "force within" to which one must yield and what validates those values? Dr. Williams does not explain.

That "force within" which Dr. Williams apparently *ignores or discounts in the first part of his paper but to which he appeals in the end,* is that mysterious *plus* which defies the microscope. That is the force which explains Dr. Williams' own prophetic insight, which uses him as its efficient instrument.

It is the spirit of man. Also it is man's instinctive acknowledgment of what is right, his capacity for friendship and consciousness of brotherhood. There are constructive forces just as potent in the creation of a better social order as these destructive forces to which Dr. Williams refers. Any analysis of the principles that must motivate social betterment which ignores them, ignores at least the half of reality. And this half is the sphere of religion. Dr. Williams forgets that that force within has been built up laboriously through the centuries, through the discipline of experience, the ministrations of religion which always have held up to man a picture of what he might be if he would. He forgets that even beyond all this centuries'-old training in religion, there is the instinctive impulse of man to relate himself to the universe; that man came to feel that life is worth while, goodness is real, sacrifice is necessary, all things have meaning *because* he related himself to the eternal spirit. It was just this conscious relation to God that validated all his experiences. That was the dynamic that moved man.

WHEN I say God I do not mean an old man with a flowing beard riding on a cloud; I do not mean the Setebos of Caliban. I mean that mind and might, that will and love, that beauty and glory we sense in the world round about us and to which in our best moments we feel related in an intimate and personal way.

I try to do the decent, generous, social thing because when I do some change takes place within me. I feel enlargement and exaltation. But I want to do it most of all because my horizons are widened, because I am conscious then of a friendliness in the universe, of an intimacy with seas and stars as well as with my fellow-men; because my life somehow seems caught up in the larger process of which I feel myself a worthy and necessary part; because my spirit for the moment seems to share in the cosmic process; because, in short, I then joyously recognize my kinship with God and my responsibility to myself and my fellow-men.

Of course I admit these things are not matters of scientific truth. There is no proof of God save that which rises out of the inmost being of a man. I know that not to all is given that poignant sense of his presence. I know too that religious institutions that have spoken in his name have in reality all too often crucified his spirit.

It is out of such sentiments however, of which the institutions of religion are custodians, that the great social dynamic is born in the masses of men. Without this dynamic to restrain and humanize it, the social evolution becomes the social revolution; blood flows, pride of conviction runs riot in the past in the baneful institutions of Inquisition, pyre and pogrom, and in the present in the crucifixion of freedom in Russia. Without this dynamic we build on sand for there are no values and nothing to underwrite them if there were. With it we can build enduringly! Man becomes integrated in his universe. He will not feel that he struggles alone. He will not close his eyes to the evil in himself but he will seek to subdue it; he will not ignore it, he will sublimate it because he believes in *a power within and without himself* that makes for righteousness.

WE have tried law and it has failed. We have tried force and it has failed. Let us now try religion in this largest sense. We have had churches and synagogues and cathedrals; we have had preachers and rabbis and priests—we've had precious little religion. But in the religious spirit of man is the force that can be tapped to the everlasting blessing of society. Not through fear of hell and damnation, nor the arrogant assumption of inviolable authority, not creeds and theologies and ceremonies, but through the frank acceptance of the fact that within us are areas of spiritual power we have not touched, related to that source of inexhaustible power outside us which is God. Man needs to bring this overwhelming force to dominance in his life. Religion is the key which releases it. Once released it will go down into the depths of his being; it will gird him for usefulness.

We are not only "a product of our civilization," as Dr. Williams declares. We are the builders of the civilization that is to be. We can diagnose the diseases of society quite readily. Let us not make the fatal mistake of ignoring the most potent factor in the healing of the patient—the religious spirit of man. If we learn to use it properly, this generation will hand down a better world to its children and help to make confusion less confounded.

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The Lady from Westchester

By HAZEL CANNING

THE story is told in Westchester County, New York, that some twenty years ago a distinguished citizen shook his head at something he had read in the evening paper. It was a shocking news report about a youngster who, at seventeen, had confessed to a crime for which society would doubtless demand his life.

The gentleman reflected. "What was the measure of this boy's responsibility?" He reviewed the facts. The boy had been born out of wedlock. He had endured hunger and cold, shabbiness and the ridicule of his schoolmates. He had attained his first decent suit, his first pleasures, his first adequate meals by stealing them. His ultimate crime seemed to be the direct result of poverty and neglect.

"How is it possible," asked the gentleman, "that in our rich and enlightened community such things can be? I am greatly concerned."

His wife answered him. "Well, my dear," she said, "since you feel this so keenly, why don't you do something about it?"

That gentleman was V. Everit Macy, the man who established in Westchester County a department of public welfare which has been widely recognized as scientific in spirit, economical in administration, neighborly and social in its practical working out.

This particular tale of public welfare in Westchester began when Mr. Macy, immediately after his election, called upon H. Ida Curry, director of children's agents, at the New York State Charities Aid Association. "Will you please help me to the services of the best children's agent available?" he requested.

"The best children's agent available," it was agreed, was a young woman named Ruth Taylor, then some five years out of Vassar College. Something of her history Mr. Macy heard—how she had begun as children's agent in Rockland County, New York, the only social worker in that territory. Those were pioneer days when one doubting mother has been quoted as asking an ardent young expert, "What can *you* tell *me* about children? My dear, I've buried seven."

In those days a shabby parlor served as office for the present commissioner of Westchester. In time the dignity of a second-hand typewriter was added unto her. In Westchester today Miss Taylor's agents drive about in modern Fords. In those days the rolling hills of Haverstraw were tramped by a long-limbed young person who did five to ten miles daily and carried her message—so her friends have since explained—"with something of the sincerity of Joan of Arc, and friendliness and common sense besides." Promoted after fifteen months to be Miss Curry's assistant, she was sent into the field to organize districts; to "sell" work with children to small-town merchants, village politicians, in terms that they would understand.

Now what were the terms, what the approach, which those first field workers found most effective? "The bomb-proof approach," they agree, "is the argument of dollars and cents." Early they learned to wait for the propitious moment and then to ask with gentle persuasion, "But can you afford to omit this work with your children when it will make possible such a saving in money later on?"

Something of this same reasoning has since been applied in Westchester to preventive work when taxpayers and their public servants have agreed that in these difficult days most rigid economy must be enforced, yet there must be no false economies in the care of young citizens nor any lowering of standards. With argument nearly similar did Bernard Shaw once appeal for a system of public health when he showed how the distemper of the East End spreads its death eventually among the nurseries of Mayfair—the old argument for keeping your brother well to save yourself. So in those days the young workers persuaded, while village politicians pulled at nubbly beards, conceding that there was sense to the words these women spoke.

COMMISSIONER TAYLOR

Ruth Taylor is the political heir of V. Everit Macy, who turned the ancient office of superintendent of the poor into a modern, high-geared department of public welfare in a county of a half million population. She is the landlord of eight hundred acres, the administrator of a budget of two and a half millions, the commander of a crew of eight hundred besides many volunteers, the skipper of the county home, penitentiary, several hospitals, old-age relief, child welfare. On the Tuesday following the first Monday in November she will go before her fellow-citizens of Westchester and ask to be re-elected to an office in which she has made good

FROM such a background did Mr. Macy choose his director of child welfare. But before this, the "superintendent of the poor" had found a situation none too happy. The sick in the hospital had cooked for the sicker to their mutual disadvantage. There had been petty grafting. And as to children, the enormously rich county seemed to be in the wholesale job of separating them from their families. About two hundred different officials, boards and courts had power to commit children to institutions. Moreover, once a child reached an institution, he seldom left unless he "acted up." So complicated was the system that it is said Miss Taylor found one husband and wife, prepared to give their children a good home and wanting them restored, who were quite inadequate to cope with the problem of getting them. That was the reason those children stayed in till Mr. Macy took charge of things in Westchester. Those who tell the story of that first year explain how

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Miss Taylor divided the county into four areas and assigned a worker to each. When twelve months were gone, five women worked on her staff and many children had been returned to their families, thus releasing public funds. And seventeen thousand dollars less had been required to do this scientific work than had been called for the year before. In addressing the supervisors Mr. Macy spoke a sentence which has since become a slogan for public welfare work in Westchester: "Economy and humanity go hand in hand."

BUT what fights did these pioneers win or lose as they struggled with graft and inefficiency, with apathy and ignorance? Put this question to the increasing army of citizens in Westchester who have made public-welfare problems their own business since Mr. Macy first called them in to help, and almost every one of these will tell you: "Our commissioners and their assistants have never had much faith in what is won by fighting. They have always preferred to go slowly, asking citizens and taxpayers how they wanted their money spent, what new things they wished done, or deferred."

Yet these spokesmen for "the welfare" go on to explain that very often a situation has arisen which among people less devoted or less able might have developed into painful differences of opinion. One of these came that first year when Mr. Macy found that while he could spend up to two dollars a day to support a child in an institution, he could not legally spend a cent to support it at home with its mother. About such situations Commissioner Taylor wrote some years ago: "If a thing really ought to be done, I believe some legal measure for doing it can be devised."

This feeling Mr. Macy undoubtedly shared. At any rate, he resurrected an old provision of the state poor law which forbade the supervisors to care for children in the almshouse. Clad in this rather vulnerable armor, he persuaded the supervisors to interpret the law to permit him to board children with their mothers, when these were good and capable women. Thus it happened that at the end of the first year fourteen Westchester mothers were receiving allowances which enabled them to keep their families together. This happened a good year before New York State passed its Widows' Pension Act.

Another occasion when this growing department might have "come to words" at least, occurred when Mr. Macy presented his budget to the board of supervisors and they found it rather large. One Westchester citizen, a member of the board of supervisors, has told the story:

> I think in those days some of us occasionally felt that the new welfare was costing rather a figure. But almost always Mr. Macy won us in the end. I think this was because we had faith in him. Perhaps, even, some of us felt it might be possible that he saw clearly things to which our eyes were blind as yet. But the way he put it up to us had much to do with our sympathetic relations. On one occasion, I remember, he talked to us something like this:
>
> "You may cut the budget, if you so decide. Of course, I trust you will not find it necessary. But if you do, may I say this first? I am with you, to the last ditch. I will do the very best I can on curtailed funds."

It is, again, well known that all public appointments in the welfare department of Westchester are non-political. Ask how this came to pass, and you will shortly hear it was brought about through public understanding and approval. Yet this, again, the many citizens who have "gone along" with "the welfare" explain as the result of what they call "the Westchester psychology." From the Mount Kisco millionaire, living entrenched upon his landed acres, to the small citizen of the City of Yonkers, these people who live in the county north of New York City "have pride in their place." They believe that its parks, its playgrounds, its County Center and its welfare are all far superior to what any other community possesses in any other state. From this intensely local feeling has grown up a saying which is repeated by many people, "Nothing is too good for our Westchester."

"And so," more than one citizen explained to this writer, "the principle of non-political appointments was really half-rooted in the consciousness of the people before it found expression in the policy of our officials at Eastview. We want the best there is. We know that many of our citizens who might qualify, prefer to work outside of the county. Again we know that when our own children are sick, we call in the best doctor available. We never ask what are his politics. The best man or woman—he is the one we wish hired for the job."

Mr. Macy began by calling in the lay citizen to help. "This is your job," he said, "how do you want it done?" Next, with the help of Mrs. Macy and other socially minded men and women, he formed committees. The Children's Association soon took shape. Its object was to "tell the public," to raise private funds for scholarships and special purposes for which public funds could not be expended. Then do not forget the many volunteers who so wholeheartedly give their services in every department. Much of the credit for the guidance of these volunteers is due Gladys Fisher, director of the department of child welfare and of the division of old-age relief as well.

Volunteers have made possible the purchase of a large part of the original radio equipment for the hospital. These aids raised seven thousand dollars for this radio. Again, any visitor to Sunshine Cottage, the preventorium for children, must at once be impressed with the beauty of its fittings, its pictures, its color schemes. Yet part of these fittings was also privately bestowed, as have been the salaries to pay special social workers. At Christmas the "D C W" children are generously remembered by Santa Claus—but the Children's Association plays Santa. At Easter and Christmas, parties and gifts gladden the old people in their homes and in the county home as well; nor are the patients in the hospital forgotten—but these are all the works of generous volunteers. More important than their good works, perhaps, is the good gospel spread about the county as these volunteers explain the faith that is in them.

SINCE in these difficult days the burden of relief has been thrown increasingly upon the public department, many have felt that eventually the public agency may entirely displace the private. Discussion at times has been heated. Here and there a private outfit has turned up a scornful nose. Certain graceless public agencies have also stuck out a defiant tongue. Upon this question the present commissioner of welfare expressed herself in 1922 when she wrote an opinion which seems pertinent today:

> Official agencies have certain special advantages. On occasion they may invoke the law. Their funds are fairly assured. Yet they have personal difficulties and legal restrictions which sometimes are cause for concern. They must, also, struggle with whatever comes to them. The private, again, have greater flexibility. But the difficulty of raising funds and the amount of work to be done make it unreasonable to suppose that the private will ever crowd the public out. It will require the best possible team play to rout the enemy, but the goal—human life and happiness—is worth the effort. The ability to lead in any field is proved in action. The person or agency best fitted to lead generally does lead, in the long run.

The questing reporter traveling about Westchester encounters much satisfaction that "the Westchester experiment" has grown so lustily. Its aims, to be sure, are variously interpreted according to the position and outlook of the citizen who speaks.

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Photo by Lewis W. Hine

"A man for the most part works best at what he likes to do," says Warden Brown of the county penitentiary. In garage, tailor-shop and fields, these wards of Westchester have found regenerative occupation and earned most of their keep

"To do swell by the kids," was the way a policeman's wife expressed it, with belief and loyalty.

"To interpret our social conscience," defined a college graduate, member of the Rye Committee.

"To have a heart and keep down the taxes," explained a Tuckahoe taxpayer who hangs paper by day and reads his local journal by night. Questioned further, this worthy explained that he was referring to an address made recently by Commissioner Taylor before the Scarsdale League of Women Voters. On that occasion she pointed out:

> There never was a time more critical than this in the life of public welfare. We who are spending public monies must strike a nice balance between the needs of those in distress and the requirements of the taxpayers for economy in the disbursement of funds.

Reading on, the small taxpayer met some news unusual as welcome. One institution in the department, he learned, is almost self-supporting. Of the $183,464 required to run the penitentiary last year, $179,894.28 was contributed by the farm- and dairy-products produced, the board-money of prisoners from other counties, and the services rendered by tailor shop and automobile-repair department. At this point the householder came upon some statistics which opened his eyes very wide. For his evening paper reported: "It costs less than eight cents a meal to feed inmates of the old people's home; it costs less than nine cents for penitentiary inmates; ten cents are required for the hospital staff, and thirteen and seven-tenths cents for hospital patients."

"And," finished the paper-hanger, as he reached for his brush, "I read the prices of those meals to my wife and she said, 'Land sakes, they must market by the large.' "

In fact, "they" do market "by the large," as the gentleman would have found out had a copy of the latest report been handy. For there he would have read that Steward Vincent Costello has reduced the cost of goods purchased last year by fifty thousand dollars, though hospital, home and prison population have increased. But so economically has he managed that it costs only five and five-tenths cents to buy, store and deliver each dollar's worth of supplies.

CITIZENS of Westchester developed years ago the custom of visiting their county institutions and so it happens that almost every week they go there singly or as representatives of club or league of voters. As they drive into Eastview they see, across good country fields, the penitentiary, a low-built structure, beautiful and grey, looking very much like one of the old colleges at Oxford. Ahead are the hospital, the splendid new tuberculosis unit, and Sunshine Cottage where

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ninety children threatened with tuberculosis will benefit by sun and violet rays and nourishing diets and play and lessons which shall aid their childish forces to fight off and conquer the enemy.

It is a pleasing spectacle to watch the exchange of merry greetings as Dr. C. A. Munger, director of hospital work, passes through. It was his skill and loving imagination that largely created this happy hospital for children. In their own way, the youngsters seem to know it. Always, or nearly always at Eastview, building is going on, and the hammers ring out on the country air as the woods take up the echo.

When the new dispensation began in Westchester the "superintendent of the poor" had only twenty-two on his staff. His budget was two hundred thousand dollars. There were five buildings, quite inadequate. In the hospital division of the almshouse—there was no county general hospital then—they used to boil out the surgical gauzes on the kitchen stove and dry them on the fire-escape. Today under Dr. Munger the new hospitals have been rated in Class A-1 in both physical equipment and administration by the State Department of Public Welfare. They have also been inspected and approved by the American Medical Association, the American College of Surgeons and by the New York State Department of Health.

Today that initial budget of two hundred thousand dollars has increased to something over two millions and a half. Eight hundred employes serve. The farms and grounds at Eastview cover five hundred and fifty acres owned by the county and an additional three hundred rented from the city of New York. Under the commissioner's direction are the county home, the penitentiary, several hospitals, the departments of purchase, building and repair, division of old-age relief and—"most serviceable department of all," spending thirty-five and eight-tenths per cent of the budget, the department of child welfare.

WHY are people poor? Why do men drink? Why are children neglected? What are the causes of crime? These were the questions the first commissioner hoped to see answered when he took up his task. The urgencies of the job, however, left Mr. Macy little time for less immediate studies. But the penitentiary warden, Paul R. Brown, believes that the establishment of special training classes in prison and intensive follow-up work when the prisoner has departed, may help in the answering. Something has been done already. Men who seem not too at odds with life and the daily task work in tailor shop, in the fields and in the garage. So far as it is possible, each man is permitted to choose his own work, "since," says the warden, "a man for the most part works best at what he likes to do."

But many of the volunteers believe that a fuller answer may be found by appealing to the new science of psychiatry and to the older help of social case work. Personality studies of the men, psychiatric examinations and complete case histories may perhaps disclose whether it was lack of education, absence of early training in some definite craft or trade, a broken home, or some mental or material maladjustment which led these men to steal and drink and disturb the peace and desert their wives and live miserable lives.

The citizens who have made possible "the Westchester venture," have their aims for the county home—"to restore to society when we can; to do the best we may with the human material which meets us there; to make the declining years of our old people as gracious as kindliness and science may." For there are very special problems of the aged. Accordingly some time ago a social worker was engaged to help in the solving of these problems. Westchester citizens are rather proud of the fact that their county home is the only one on record where there is such social service. All the others seem "just to take care."

"For," asks the County Home Committee, "is it not reasonable to hold that the problems of life go on, till life is over? And if problems still confront old age, have they not as just a claim upon our attention as the problems of the sick in the hospital and of the prisoner in the penitentiary?" And so the work progresses at the county home, the work of "reconnecting the old people with their families" when that seems wise; of helping them to form a living arrangement outside the county home when that is feasible; of returning non-residents to the communities that know them; of extending a care humane and scientific.

The "sets" of the aged furnish another problem. Their predilection for rich and indigestible foods, high in protein, has caused considerable concern. Again, those interested feel that this comparatively new thing called occupational therapy must prove as beneficial to the enfeebled aged as to the patient in the hospital. Housing space and difficult times forbid enlargements in the year of 1932, but land has already been bought for a new county home and plans have been drawn up. It is therefore hoped that some day more commodious quarters will bring to the county's aged wards the contentment which comes from a much enjoyed craft or handiwork.

THERE is a story, prized in Westchester, about two children who lived next door to a family that boarded several wards of "the department." One day, just after the department's children had been fitted with their new spring clothes, the children next door fancied they detected a proud and overweening attitude on the part of their erstwhile friends. They phrased their resentment in a classic sentence:

"Oh, you needn't stick up your noses at us just because you are well dressed children of the 'welfare.'"

But though it is admitted that "welfare children" are adequately and tastefully dressed, no taxpayer has ever grumbled nor ever could, with reason. For the average cost of dressing each child for an entire year is only twenty-nine dollars. This feat has been accomplished by the good taste and careful buying of the clothing agent, Jean V. Rundio.

There is a far-reaching aim in Westchester for other children quite removed from want but yet as much the concern of society as youngsters who are public wards. Already this aim has engaged the attention of the Children's Association, that privately supported auxiliary to the public department. As reason for this most ambitious hope of all, the Children's Association perhaps has in mind those abilities that often go to waste, those neuroses and inferiorities, fears and the spiritual malaise that thrive in some of the most self-respecting families, because these inadequacies are not recognized by loving but misunderstanding parents. This aim at any rate was once explained by Commissioner Taylor in one of the publications of the Children's Bureau at Washington:

> It is one thing to arouse a community to enthusiasm over the motherless, fatherless or sick children. It is quite another thing to inspire it with a vision of a rich, full opportunity for every child, in every phase of his life. It is even difficult to reduce a general problem into terms simple and immediate enough to appeal to people as definite. This is, however, our aim: to work out concretely, in our own county, with the materials at hand, a county-wide system of child-care for 100 per cent of our children, in 100 per cent of their lives; to give practical demonstration of our faith that child welfare—the welfare of all children—is the most important single concern of our community.

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I Secede

An Argument for a New Frontier

By RUBE BOROUGH

THE Great Prophets of Prosperity would call it Inglorious Retreat. The Great Prophets of Prosperity are beholden to The Market and The Mass Production Machine that ministers to it. They must maintain the morale of The Belt.

To us in our California cabin The Belt, The Mass Production Machine, The Market, today are echoes of a far country. From the sheer red cliff across the ravine pebbles, disengaged by the furtive wild life, trickle from the heights, sliding through perilously lodged desert brush, plunge through the air and finally scatter over the floor of a rock-strewn wash. The dry rattle that marks the movement dies. Ensues silence, vast, all-embracing, in which no note of civilization obtrudes.

Across the trail that leads to the county highway a covey of quail scurries into the sage brush. In a sumac near the cabin a wild canary releases his shy, plaintive song. Over the red cliff a hawk circles. The sky is a brilliant blue, the sunlight molten upon hills and valley. The clear air, drawn deep, intoxicates. The leaves of the live oaks glisten.

LAST night it rained. Black shades walled us off from the world. In our little shell of warmth and light we sat by our candles and tried to read. A half dozen books on unemployment—the sickness of that city which we had fled three hours before—lay at our elbows. But the patter on our roof spoke insistently of shelter and security in a present environment. A stream, new-born after a dry summer, ran singing down the tangled wash—music we had not heard for years. The wind, swirling among the oaks, made sounds like the swishing of seas. The yellow candlelight flickered.

"I'm going to bed," I announced belligerently.

"And I, too," said Laura.

Sleep came to us quickly. In the middle of the night, however, we were awakened by a sound like the scratching of tin. Then the creak of a timber cut through the air like the crack of a pistol.

"What's that?" asked Laura.

"Nothing," I answered bravely. "The house is new and may be settling a bit."

The scratching continued. I left my cot hurriedly to investigate. As my feet struck the floor there was a final rattle and bang and I looked out the window into the luminous night to see the cover of our garbage can rolling downhill into the ravine. A moment—and then an unmistakable odor filled the air.

There was a smothered laugh from Laura. Hurriedly I closed the windows. At length the air cleared.

AS I lay watching the full moon through the delicate tracery of brush across the ravine the distant whistle of an overland train came to me. That train, distinctive servant of The Market, was carrying the sons and daughters of leisure to their winter playground in California. It carried fewer of them this year because The Market had been clogged—profits had not been rolling in as of yore—and in the minds of those who did travel was a sneaking trace of fear that The Market, in spite of the world's wise men, might not be infallible. How many secessionists like ourselves, I wondered, had that train passed in its sweep across the continent.

Laura broke into my meditations sharply. "Listen, can you hear it?"

I raised myself on an elbow. From the distant hills there came a shrill barking, then a long-drawn-out howl.

"Coyotes," I explained.

"It *is* primitive, isn't it?" said Laura.

We were awakened by the blaze of the morning sun on a fresh-washed canyon.

BEFORE the cabin, of course, came the trails. No man builds a trail across virgin soil who does not reach a new understanding of our pioneering forefathers. No one who has not built a trail appreciates the confidence it brings to man in the conquest of nature. Trail-building should be a compulsory part of the education of every American child.

Primarily, the trail meant security, freedom from attack by the hidden life of the wild. It meant clear vision for effective offense. It meant speed in flight. All these, in addition to the convenience with which conventional thought has connected it.

With a maddox (combination axe and hoe) and a shovel we began making trails soon after we bought our five acres of canyon three years ago. We ran them all over the place—they were our tours of exploration, acquainting us with the farming and home-site potentialities of our land. We built trails leading down by switchbacks into our main ravine and into the steep sub-canyons that fed it; trails that cut through the grass and sage brush of the higher slopes; and a main trail that led from the county highway around the hill to the sheltered nook by the giant cliff in which we built our cabin. The first trails were the narrowest. The fever of exploration was upon us and I wasted no time shoveling more dirt than was necessary for a line of advance and retreat.

As I worked I often ran upon the fur of a rabbit, victim of a night-prowling coyote. Again and again my pick struck the dry dung of this marauder. Once, as we were rounding a promontory, my maddox sank into a soft pile of earth and an angry buzzing followed. A hornet appeared at the point of impact. We ran, a score or more of these winged devils hovering above our heads. Two of them dived into Laura's bobbed hair, stinging her before I could brush them off with my gloved hand. Two left their marks on my bare wrist and arm before I killed them. For a week we did not extend that trail further. Then we made "chemical warfare"—we advanced with calcium carbide and water and with "poison gas" blotted out the whole enemy colony.

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The next day we were at our trail again. Cutting into a small ravine, I entered a miniature forest of poison-oak. Guarding against contact with the long rubbery stalks, I attacked the roots passionately.

"I sure do hate that stuff," I confessed as my pick slashed through the pungent, oil-spurting fibers.

"You hate and you fear," was my companion's shrewd comment.

For a week my wrists bore the smarting red marks of the struggle.

The advancing trails uncovered a world strange to the eyes of a city man—shallow holes of gophers, nests of field mice, mud-plaster homes of trap-spiders, lizzards sluggish from their winter slumber in the dark soil, furry scorpions, bright yellow worms writhing in the sudden sunlight.

Once my pick laid bare an amazing insect specimen with manlike head and eyes. As it lay on its back, brandishing its hand-like claws in terror, pity and fancy, ignoring the categories of the biologists, ran wild in me. Was this a devoluted human? Ages ago did man retreat into the earth to escape danger and slowly dwindle in size, his bones softening to these fragile antennae? Suppose in that small head a brain were working even yet, praying to some great god for escape from the cataclysm my maddox had brought! Little brother of the darkness! And so I covered him with soft earth and passed on.

TRAILS were not enough. Before the cabin there had to be a "clearing." The spacious shelf along our ravine on which we proposed to build our cabin was covered with a dense growth of grass and shrubs that had to be destroyed.

In the Mid-west my grandfather made his "clearing" by chopping down hickory, oak and maple trees, sawing their trunks into logs and drawing them to the mill. If there was no mill at hand, he got rid of the timber with fire. I made my "clearing" with scythe and maddox and fire. Cautiously—on the watch for the potential rattlesnake—I swung my curved steel blade into my jungle. The sage, sumac, chaparral, and other brush I uprooted with my maddox. The swath that lay behind me I raked into small piles and the piles I carried with a pitchfork to a central point chosen for the final holocaust.

A half acre of it I cleared and then waited for the coming of water. Mexicans toiling along our new trails carried cast-iron pipes up the hillside, connecting them as they advanced toward the cabin site from the hydrant at the county highway one hundred yards away. When the last connection had been made and an upright tap provided, the foreman called down the canyon: "Turn 'er on!"

A stream gushed from the tap. The foreman danced a hopstep from joy—the westerner knows the value of water.

We were ready for the cabin. A carpenter and his helper from a village nearby built it. They mixed the water and cement with sand from our canyon wash to make the concrete foundation for the cabin "footings." They made us an honest and snug house with firm timbers and clapboards free from knots. The carpenter took a good deal of pride in the finished product. One Sunday he brought his wife to look it over and explained our venture to her.

ALONG a switchback trail I mounted to the dividing ridge of our hill. I looked down upon my cleared half-acre and foresaw the steady development of our ranch to a self-sufficient unit. Our own five-year plan was under way, with complete independence of The Belt as its ultimate objective.

Independence of The Belt? I could hear the Captains of Industry laugh. "Don't be ludicrous," they advised. "This, Sir, is the age of mass production—try a bonanza farm."

"Wheat, The Belt, bankruptcy," I shouted back, ignoring the thrust at my puny purse. "Eggs, The Belt, bankruptcy. I have a friend at Corona up the valley who has been turning out eggs on The Belt and owes his grocer $1100—bah to your mass production!"

"Remember," I went on, "I'm not talking about competitive markets. I'm talking about getting food and clothing out of the earth—to eat and wear and not to sell. That, my Captains, is what we've got to learn again. Your market is a perilous thing—you can't or won't organize it and we've got to find a way of escape from it or die in your cities."

The Captains smirked. You couldn't convince them nor their psychologized satellites, although any free man of courage could convince himself.

I remembered Ralph Borsodi and his book on the re-establishment of the old "home economy"—family production for use and not for profit. I remembered my own grandparents and their robust sons and daughters when they were farming forty years ago in northern Michigan. I recalled the hog carcasses strung up in the cellar, the smokehouse, the trying of lard, the bubbling of soft soap in black kettles, the making of tallow candles, the fat, nondescript barnyard chickens, the milch cows, the broad pans of cream-covered milk, the rabbits and deer from the forest, the fish from the lakes, the potatoes and apples in bins and barrels, the maple sugar "bush," the home-grown buckwheat and the flapjacks. The farm was almost a world unto itself. My grandfather and his family had settled in the midst of the unclaimed forest and they owned their farm free of obligation to the banker.

I remembered that they had begun to count on their potatoes for a cash-income crop and for several years The Market was off so that it did not pay to haul them to the railroad for shipment.

But the low prices did not "break" them. They still lived well. They were warmly sheltered in their log house. Across the road was plenty of fuel for their winter fires and for cooking. Their clothing was rough but ample—stockings, socks, mittens, shawls still knit at home. From their own produce and the wilderness around them they had plenty to eat, as did their animals. They did not worry. I distinctly remembered the hale and hearty atmosphere of that farm home.

I knew that their lives, rigorous though they were, were rimmed in by a sense of security alien to our age. I knew that they could not have been induced to endure the slow misery of disintegration to which a half dozen families on our street in the city had been subjected for the preceding two years.

I KNEW, too, that there were still remnants of this old "home economy" in the world, for I had gone out and found it in a series of restless drives in the country around Los Angeles.

In that quest I passed scores of miles of orange, lemon and walnut groves, spick-and-span, with their spick-and-span "city" lawns in front of their spick-and-span "city" residences. There was not even a small vegetable garden in connection with most of them, not a cow, not a chicken. Oranges, lemons, walnuts only—specialized products for The Market which might at any time collapse, loosing a flood of mortgage foreclosures and disaster.

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At none of these places did I stop. I found what I was looking for either among the "backward" members of the older generations or among a newly appearing class of rebel "nature nuts." I found them in cheap little shacks built by their own hands and overhung with grapevines, surrounded by fat and messy gardens, scarcely a foot given over to lawns. I found them with every kind of fruit- and nut-tree peppered over their small areas. I saw goats, two or three and sometimes four or five, tethered among the trees. I saw rabbits, chickens, geese, ducks, turkeys.

I talked with a score of these new-old farmers on week-end drives. They were cautious folk. They made no claims to money profits but they did not apologize for their status. In particular, I remembered Mrs. E. Ray Peterson in the San Fernando Valley. I had turned my automobile up a gravel driveway leading to a little home in an inviting confusion of fruit trees, vines, vegetable plots, chicken coops, rabbit hutches, goat sheds. When I blew my horn, a slender young matron with a neighborly smile appeared at the back door.

"My husband and I came out here from the city for our health," she explained. "Just now he's working a few weeks on a valley ice-wagon—we have to have some cash for taxes and water-bills. But we are not trying to make money on our acre."

Her words came back vividly to me: "We never lived so well nor had so little cash in our lives!" And she went on:

Sunday we butchered a goat . . ." unless you're a consistent vegetarian, Reader, don't flinch, for the mass-production stockyards are run for you . . . "We will have three more this year. It's delicious meat—you pay twenty cents a pound for lamb in the city. And we're out of pocket practically nothing for our goat meat. The only feed we buy for the animals is a few bales of hay in the winter. Then from our three milch goats we have all the milk we want the year through and enough for our cats and dogs beside. I thrive on it. We have about one thousand young chicks now and from these we will save enough cockerels to furnish meat throughout the year. We have eight pairs of pigeons and from these we average two squabs a week. The two squabs with our vegetables make an ample meal. We have rabbits, too. Our next venture will be fish—blue gills, all we want of them, grown in a cement pool. No extra expense, as we have to have the water for irrigation anyway. We won't need to buy any meat from the butcher.

AS to Mrs. Peterson's vegetables and fruits, I quote at random from her comment during a cursory tour of investigation:

There are forty-eight fruit-bearing trees on the acre: figs, which we have from June to Thanksgiving; green-gage plums, quinces, four kinds of peaches, apricots, satsuma plums (I canned thirty quarts off one tree beside putting up some as jam), and oranges. Grapes, Thompson seedless—all we want to eat. We are planting Youngberries. From our first crop we expect to pay our taxes.

My husband keeps beets and carrots rotating through the entire year. Our winter garden includes beets, carrots, cabbage, onions, New Zealand spinach for greens. The latter part of February our twelve-foot row of asparagus begins to yield. We have it on the table every day during the season—I prepare it a good many different ways. Then we have egg-plant, green beans, giant limas, cucumbers, squash, water-melons. Sweet corn—we have planted it in August and had it as late as November. My husband is going to plant some more corn now—we are very fond of it and the goats do well on the green husks. We don't raise our own potatoes because we don't eat many. We are better off if we eat more of the leafy and non-starchy vegetables.

Our aim is to use every inch of ground intensively. A one-acre farm with good soil and lots of hard work can be made to produce 75 per cent of the family living.

A score or more of other small-acreage farmers had told stories corroborating Mrs. Peterson's. I had ample evidence, I was certain, to justify my own five-year plan. As I stood on the ridge of our hill I looked serenely into the future. On the gentler slopes we should have our vegetable garden in the spring—no tiny forty-by-fifty-foot "city" plot but space adequate for all the vegetables of the long California growing season. I could see on that cleared acre the exact spot where we would build our chicken-houses and rabbit-hutches. Somewhere on it would be a barn for goats or a cow—Laura held out for a Jersey but I was swayed by a partiality for Toggenbergs.

I studied the trails that we had dug helter-skelter around the hill. One of them led to a slope that would be used for planting our one surplus crop for The Market—it might be avacados, we did not yet know. Along other trails I spotted our future plantings of oranges, lemons, peaches, apricots, berries. In five years they would all be bearing; we should have our independent food supply.

SUDDENLY the social significance of what I was doing flashed on me. A million other families following in my footsteps would mean a new American frontier cut loose from the problems that were not of our choosing or creation, a frontier that would give us a chance to work out our own destiny while the wise and foolish leaders of the cities tried to bring into social subjection the gigantic mechanistic forces that had been released.

On that new frontier we should live simply, disclaiming the gewgaws of the urban world—the radio, picture-shows, electric-refrigerators, tiled bathrooms—yes, even to some extent the automobile. But we should not be robbed of a worthwhile culture—we should build up a new indigenous culture which would be zealously expanded.

We should draw on the state for the forces of school and university. We should study the natural world with which we were struggling and science should help us, giving victory to our battle with hostile pests and illuminating the smallest act of our workaday lives. Science, too, should show us how to build our homes wisely, out of the materials at hand. In southern California, for instance, we might again be using adobe bricks and canyon stones. With the help of the teacher-artisans joining our secessionist movement we might learn how to fashion our clothing out of the products of our own fields, and so eventually be independent of The Market that we could not control.

"Why not throw a million, five million, ten million of us onto this new frontier?" I asked. "The nation can afford it and it's not yet too late. There are plenty of raw fertile acres left across the continent. Why not re-create the old American community on its foundation of substantial equality of opportunity? Why not release us once more to an almost forgotten integrity of body and soul, to the glowing vigor and health that flow from lusty victories in our daily lives? Why not spare us the misery of embittered, futile struggle and failure?

"The city is blundering in its efforts to solve the problem of The Belt, the problem of distribution. It may at length succeed, out of a series of class clashes. Or it may go down to death through blood and tyranny. If it succeeds, we rebels may be wooed back to 'civilization.' Meanwhile, O City, make a way out for us secessionists, grant us the freedom of inglorious retreat. Let us . . ."

From the cabin steps Laura cut short my eloquence with her dinner-bell.

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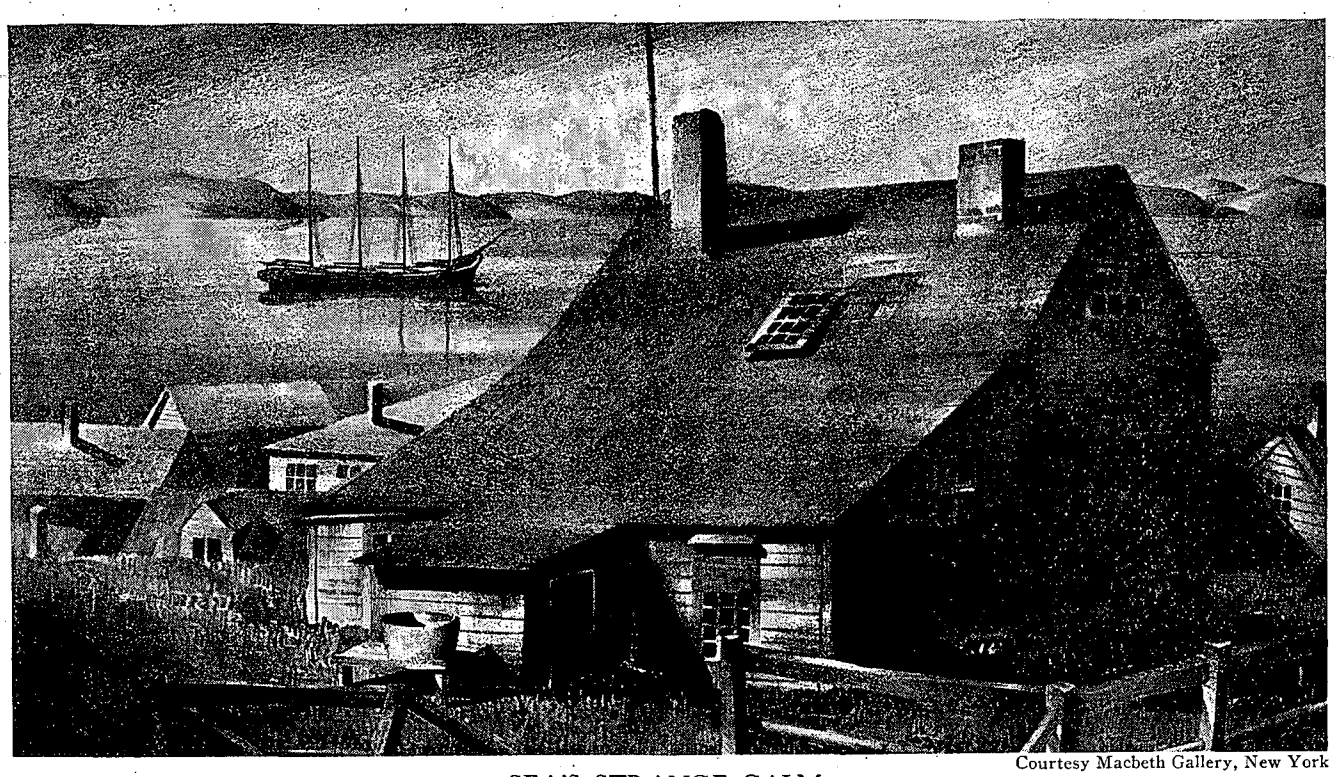
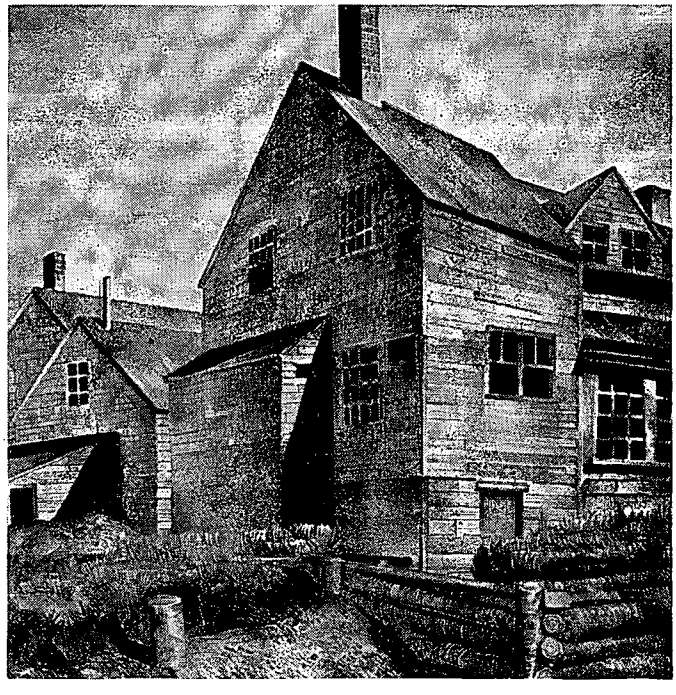


Courtesy Macbeth Gallery, New York

SEA'S STRANGE CALM



THE DESERTED HOUSE

Down East

TO look at these black and white pictures of the Maine coast is to smell the brine, hear the waves lapping and feel the late sunlight on these bleached old houses and wharfs, flung like driftwood back on the shore. But there is more than familiar representation in these lithographs by Stow Wengenroth. Mood plays its role. The young artist uses light and the force of arrested movement for their dramatic worth as would a stage director. His interest in the pattern and details of old buildings may be inherited—his father was an architect, his mother a designer of textiles—but it is the sea that dominates his coast scenes, that stirs his imagination, by its mystery.

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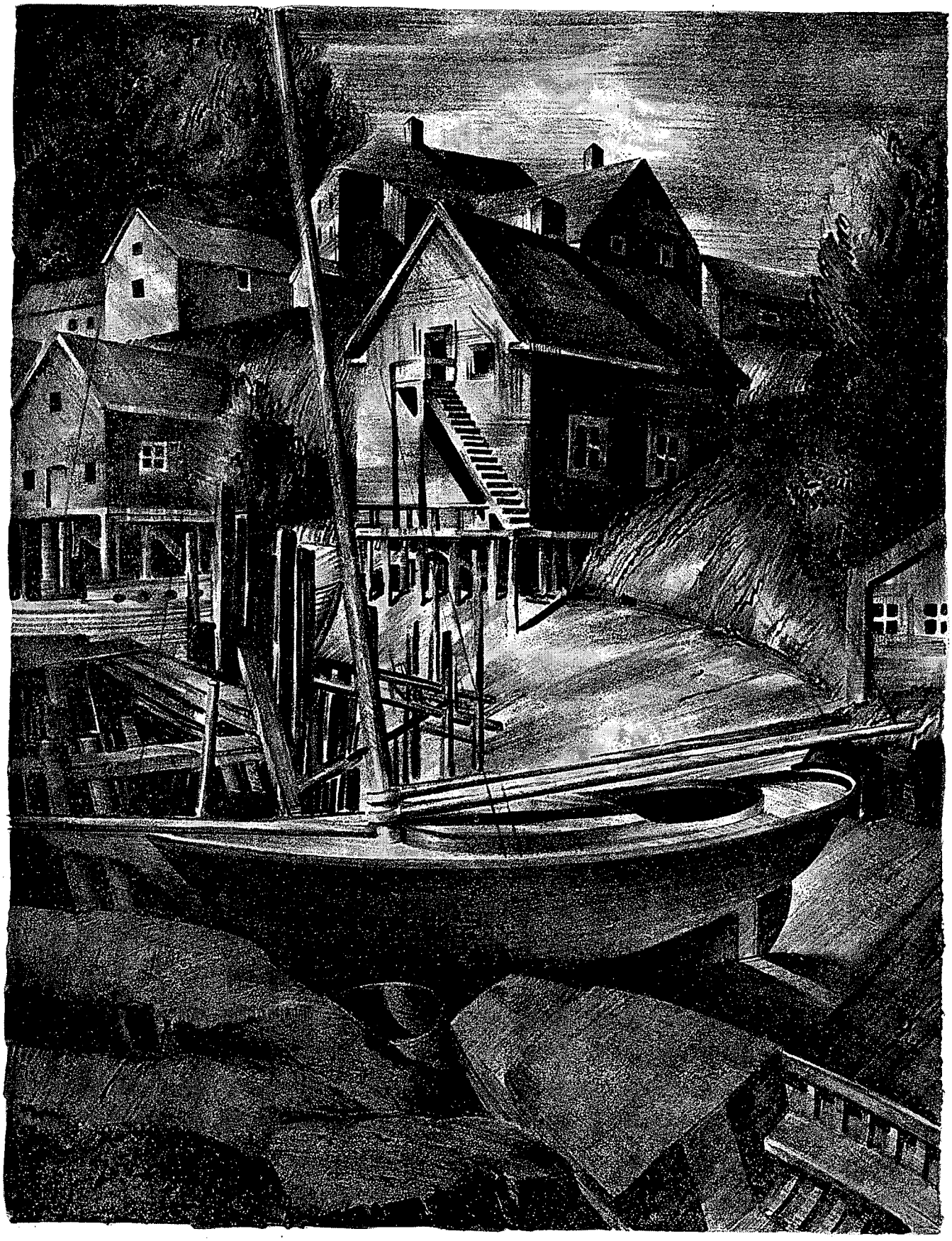

LATE AFTERNOON

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Physic for Doctors

Wherein It Appears That a Born Cook Should Scramble Ham and Eggs Rather than Problem Families

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

I HAVE known physicians so consumed by their ardor for diagnosis and treatment that it is torture for them to withhold advice even when it is not asked for. As they catch sight of some stout, wheezing stranger at a restaurant, their eyes narrow and their muscles grow taut as they choke an impulse to shout, "Man, consider your arteries and change your bill-of-fare!" Or when a fond mother with her child squeezes past them in the movies they all but hiss, "Take out his adenoids and improve his looks if not his brains!" This unspoken advice is usually excellent. The only drawback is that those who need it did not ask for it and do not want it. I have immense sympathy for such enthusiastic busybodies. After having myself given a thousand or more tests for mentality and personal aptitudes to young people who had to listen to me because they were in a clinic and could not escape, I find that sometimes the urge to apply the same treatment to their elders is almost insupportable.

In our court room if all goes well, the child's case is heard accompanied by a complete medical report in which physical difficulties are charted and remedies suggested; and by psychometric measurements indicating his or her probable capacity and latent talents. But how rarely those of us who handle the child's case have benefited by such an overhauling ourselves! The limitations of children are recognized, as well as their need for vocational advice. But all of us adults—social investigators and case workers, supervisors, probation officers, police, nurses, examiners, teachers, matrons and missionaries—are supposed to be in perfect physical, mental and moral health. We are assumed to be in our right calling and performing our duties as infallibly as the planets sail through space.

As a matter of fact, I consider that the counsellors are about as likely to be in the wrong niche as the children whom they handle. And sometimes it is a fearful effort to keep from saying so.

Not that all of us conscientious people are failures. But we are often handicapped by doing one thing moderately well, when we might do something else better. We are going through life working with our left hand when we were born right-handed.

There was the young health officer with whom I once drove on a country road for a rural call. Suddenly and without the slightest warning the brakes were applied with such violence that I nearly shot through the windshield. My companion vaulted over the door and was across a fence and two pastures before I had time to see what had hit us. Against the horizon I could see my host apparently creeping up on something, and from the grass which he disturbed, a bird rose and flew away, followed by the doctor's field-glasses. Instantly I surmised that he had detected a murdered man hidden in the weeds and was scaring off the buzzards, though it did seem odd that he peered so intently at the bird rather than at his prey. As I picked my way somewhat gingerly to the scene of the tragedy, the health officer lowered his binoculars with a sigh and murmured, "Upland plover!" This mysterious term, it seems, applied not to dead men, but to a bird which seldom flew in that latitude. I maintain that a man like that is in the wrong niche as a health officer, even if he is a good one. He ought to be a field naturalist, observing eagles from a mountain peak or chasing his upland plovers with an airplane. Health officer indeed! Much he cared whether I had cut my jugular vein on the windshield!

And I have never forgotten the melancholy graduate student working forlornly for his doctor's degree in language. He looked vaguely familiar and I asked him if I had not seen him perform recently in an athletic meet. He brightened up at once. Yes, acrobatics were what he enjoyed. But a doctorate in letters was his vocation, he added dolefully, his face falling at the prospect. There would have been something comic if it had not been so exasperating in the spectacle of an athlete who could stand so smilingly on his head and juggle with his feet, who yet felt that he must go in for academic honors with a face like a tragic mask.

ALL of which applies with especial force to those of us who are in the business of reforming other people. Whether we are salaried workers or volunteers, we are not exempt from the human fact that all of us cannot do the same work, however valuable. If we try to, we are certain to do it badly. Whereas if we follow our talents and our inclinations, we may make a good job of it. If this holds true for ten thousand children, why not for ten thousand adults as well?

Some years ago I wrote an article to this effect (not in Survey Graphic) with devastating results. The journal sent my manuscript back scribbled over with ethical comments in stubby blue pencil. "Is not this philosophy softening to the moral fiber?" it asked severely. "How about the *Will?*" "Where is the Sense of *Duty?*" "Shall we choose the *easiest* way?" At that period I was cowed by editorial reproof. Now I should probably ask in return: "Do you advise Charlie Chaplin to try to be Jack Dempsey? Or Greta Garbo to emulate Susan B. Anthony?" In times of sudden disaster, I will grant that everyone has to try a little of everything. Old ladies must drive the ambulances, boys must feed babies and girls mend the dykes. But affairs are likely to go badly under such management and everyone is happier as well as more effective when engaged upon a project suited to his temperament and his experience.

I have known a good many social workers who had a real part to play in the social drama, but who were simply miscast in the role into which they had been thrust. One girl was a born mechanic. Any kind of metal gadget made her eyes shine. Give her a wrench and a saw, and she was happy. According to the editors of my unlucky journal, she was the more noble therefore to bury her technical talent and devote

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herself to teaching foreign mothers. According to my ideas she would have done more good running a machine-shop for their sons. Another family case worker invariably got into trouble in her district. The most placid pool developed a tidal wave of complaints when she began to sail on it. I saw her once at a picnic supper and knew why. She was miscast in the show. Over the frying-pan she became a different creature. All the truculence, sensitiveness and jumpy nerves which set her families by the ears, fell away when she fried ham and eggs for a crowd. She beamed. She radiated. She sparkled. She simply was not meant to deal with touchy people. The Lord created her to be a chef.

I HAVE in mind at least three young women who had been invited by their friends to work for under-privileged girls. Their duties as outlined for them were to call upon awkward and suspicious adolescents, put them at their ease, probe their hidden problems and advise them on all matters of the heart, the job and the pocketbook. The idea is of course excellent and it has been successfully carried out in innumerable cases. It just happened to be one that these particular people could not do. All of them were torn between a desire to do their duty and a violent temperamental distaste for the particular duty laid upon them. And in each case the reason was different. One of them said:

I like *things*. I don't much like *people*—especially queer ones. When I design things, I can go off, turn the key, and come back to find my materials as I left them. When I come back to people, they are never as I left them. They have seldom done what they agreed to do, and probably never intended to do it. Then we have an argument, which I hate. These unregulated girls I detest! Yet they tell me that unless I work with them I have failed in my duty.

The second woman said:

I'll do anything you like for babies so young they can only *wiggle*, but can't talk back. When they start to get saucy, I am more upset than they. They are used to bad manners. I am not. I have no idea what to do next. They tell me that these girls are *shy*. I am much shyer than they are. I cannot any more force my way into their private affairs than I can tell them about mine.

The third one had a different complaint.

Why can't they give me something to do with figures? she wailed. I have been treasurer of something ever since I was born. I have handled the accounts of my class, alumni committees, charity bazaars, and every town drive since I began to add. It's all I understand and I don't mind staying up all night to make my books balance. But half an hour with these little idiots drives me crazy.

That my three friends with talents so varied and so precise should be goaded into one uniform crusade however worthy, reminded me of past summer evenings on our town common when a gentleman with a gasoline flare made his periodic appearance to sell an ointment guaranteed to cure every ill to which our flesh is heir. I used to stand fascinated at his recital of bodily torments at once removed by an application of his magic salve, applied in one graceful circular rub. How much more quick and delightful was such a universal balm than the tedious medical examinations and varied prescriptions to which we now have to submit. In social work it would seem as if there were room enough for all talents whether of handicraft, baby-culture or accountancy. But it takes some time and skill to examine the patient and find the medicine he needs. My friends' advisors in civic virtue, like the man in the wagon, preferred the quicker method of one standard ointment for all.

Perhaps I am particularly sensitive to the discomfort and strain of trying to do the wrong thing because several times in my life I have had to do it. My memory of such occasions is identical with trying to read fine print with someone else's glasses—a kind of gnawing discomfort, as if every nerve were being pulled both ways at once. The most notable of these occasions was when I started to do something so delightful that it would seem that nothing but sheer perversity would ever drag me back into my own orbit. After a fairly long siege of laboratory clinics and asylums, I fell in with the members of an expedition at the charming task of digging up old cities under azalea blossoms and an azure sky. They told me that I was foolish to spend my time with the grimy, the neurotic and the misbehaved, when the delights of buried treasure waited for us under the soil. Their logic was persuasive. I felt that I had missed my vocation and thrown away my life. And to make amends, I turned my back on human problems and lay among the asphodels, watching bronze workmen dig up old cities and forgotten tombs.

In my first revulsion of feeling I felt nothing but a cold contempt for my former activities. Smell gas, when I could inhale the spicy odor of cistus bushes? Rub elbows with depravity when I might dream of beauty surrounded by it? Tread the paving of a police-court when I might pace the stones that once supported kings? It was madness even to think of it.

Yet after several months of idyllic and sun-soaked poetry, incredible as it seemed, I found myself vaguely uneasy. Buried cities are plaintive, peaceful and prehistorically important. There is no congestion in the traffic and no need for the police. The brooding silence of a rifled tomb induces a pensive philosophy but no active problems. Unlike my friend who liked to come back to her tools as she had left them, I began to be irritated by a complete absence of spontaneous drama upon our ancient stage, and deplored the inability of a skeleton to talk back, or indulge in unexpected antics. There was, to me, something peculiarly unresponsive about a young man who had been hugging his own knees for three thousand years in a burial jar. I found myself turning from the tombs I had come to see, to pry, in my old manner, into the more lively peccadillos, escapades and love affairs of our workmen. Humble though they were, the flesh still clung to their stalwart bones, and I found myself muttering, "Better a live digger than a dead prince!"

IT is useless to assert that archaeology is better or worse than psychology; historic mounds better or worse than laboratories; mummies more or less worthy of study than neurotics, morons or average citizens. As the old rhyme has it, "Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold." And the incorrigibly humanistic of us will feel as thwarted away from warm, living people no matter how much they squirm, as the opposite type will be irritated by their squirming, and only care to study them when they are dead.

Sometimes one has the delightful experience of seeing people, like fish, flop accidentally into the pool where they belong and swim delightedly away. I remember a dejected and awkward school teacher who was manifestly wretched in her calling, but who did not dream that she could do anything else until by sheer fate she strayed into a gymnasium class. To everyone's surprise, including her own, she became at once the star dancer. Dowdy in the extreme in her ordinary clothes, she was charming in gauze draperies. The muscles she had hardened on the farm stood her in good stead when she held a difficult pose. She literally

(*Continued on page* 367)

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Geneva's Double Cross-Roads

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

WHEN the Assembly of the League of Nations meets at Geneva next month, it will confront, even though it may postpone, perhaps the most important decision in its history; a decision charged in incalculable measure with potency for the future welfare and effectiveness of the League. Namely, the appointment of a secretary-general to take the place of Sir James Eric Drummond, who has served as such from the very beginning—indeed in a sense before the beginning. Drummond's resignation has been on file since last January, though in presenting it he expressed willingness to hold on until his successor might be chosen.

Strangely enough, there is vacant now also, owing to the sudden death last May of Albert Thomas (like Drummond, the initial incumbent of the position) the virtually coordinate post of director of the International Labor Office. This position has to be filled, however, not by the Assembly of the League but by the Governing Body of the I. L. O., consisting of twelve representatives of governments members of the League, six persons representing the employers and six representatives of the workers. Since however the nations members of the League are *ipso facto* members of the Labor Office, and the lay members of the Governing Body as such represent their nations, the responsibility for these two crucially important appointments falls upon the common shoulders. The Labor Office is a part of the League: Article 392 of the Treaty of Versailles leaves that in no doubt: "The International Labor Office shall be established at the seat of the League of Nations as part of the organization of the League." The pun in the caption over this article is intentional; for here offers opportunity alike for wise, unselfish, far-seeing decision, and at the same time temptation for ruinous "double-crossing" of all that the League stands and has stood for; all that it can be and do in the future. It is difficult to understand why there has been so little public discussion, even in Europe, of these momentous possibilities.

IN the making of this dual organization and their policies the influence of these two men, Drummond and Thomas, has been profound, even though they were extraordinarily unlike, at times even dissonant, in temperament and point of view. Drummond is a Scot, charged with all the characteristics of British civil spirit and preconceptions; Thomas a French Socialist, who at twenty-six was associate of Jaurés on the staff of L'Humanité. But deeply ingrained conviction that the peace and progress of the world must depend henceforth upon international understanding and cooperative action has inspired them both. Drummond's abiding spirit never has been selfishly British; the narrow interests of France never have warped the service of Albert Thomas. The departure of both from the field of action at Geneva reaches the dimensions of calamity; all the more if in the filling of their places any narrow nationalistic politics is permitted to govern the selection. It may well be that in either case, or both, fresh blood, a new point of view, will bring to future fruitage better than they could have done, what these two men have begun so remarkably; but in the present nationalistic temper of the world, with suspicion and jealousy and widespread economic disorganization frazzling nerves and temper, retarding obviously necessary action at Geneva, Lausanne and in national administrations and mutual concessions everywhere, the situation is fraught with danger.

DRUMMOND came logically to his post. Just fifty-six years old, his career had been exclusively in the diplomatic service of Great Britain, which he entered at twenty-four. My guess is that we shall yet see him heading the British Embassy at Washington. He is of aristocratic lineage, son of the tenth Viscount Strathallan, heir-presumptive to his half-brother the Earl of Perth and to that vast family estate in Perthshire. After a plodding service in the foreign office he became private secretary in turn to the Prime Ministers Asquith, Grey and Balfour, winning from Balfour the title of "the perfect secretary." But Woodrow Wilson made Drummond secretary-general of the League of Nations. He came to the United States in 1917 upon our entry into the war, with the British commission headed by Balfour, and heard Mr. Wilson broach to his chief his dream of the League. Drummond's reaction to the proposal was instant and eager. Mr. Wilson remembered that, and two years later, at a plenary session of the Peace Conference in Paris on April 28, 1919, after the Covenant of the League had been unanimously adopted upon his motion, he went on to say, addressing Clemenceau presiding: "You will notice, Mr. President, that the Covenant provides that the first secretary-general shall be chosen by this conference. I move, therefore, that the first secretary-general of the Council shall be the Honorable James Eric Drummond."

This motion carried unanimously, and forthwith Drummond began to build the organization of the Secretariat which he has so smoothly, so effectively led from that day to this. The great thing that he did was to declare and throughout the years fight for the independence of the Secretariat of all national control or influence. Members of the organization, while of all the nationalities embodied in the League, are employes of the League as such; they do not represent and are not technically chosen by their governments, nor are they regarded as representing their governments. Each upon taking his post must be free of any official connection with, or known obligation to, his own government. Each employe, from the most distinguished under-secretary or section chief to the lowest typist or precis-writer, is responsible to the "S. G.," as he is called, and to nobody else.

SO promptly did Drummond go to work in the making of the organization that he advanced out of his own pocket the salaries of his first associates. Right there and then in Paris he sketched out on the back of an envelope his scheme for a skeleton organization. It was then taken for granted that the United States would be a member of the League, and two Americans at least were closely intimate with him in those early days—Raymond B. Fosdick, who became first under-secretary-general, and Arthur Sweetser, the American newspaper-man who has been a kind of factotum beside Drummond, indispensable liaison-officer throughout.

I remember him most vividly, during my several periods of residence at Geneva, upon two occasions: one was when he was delayed in coming to a luncheon with me because he was rallying the forces of the League to quench the threatening fire in the Balkans, between Bulgaria and Greece. The other was when Stephen G. Porter was withdrawing the American delegation from the International Opium Conference. In each instance the crisis seemed an affair intensely personal to Drummond himself. He seemed to feel himself somehow blamefully responsible for the breach in the fellowship of which he (*Continued on page* 367)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Midsummer Night's Plan

I OFFER a Plan for Literature. Laissez-faire in letters is doomed. The day is done when men could just *say* they were authors (though many were carpenters or cooks) and go ahead and scribble what they were "inspired" to write. With no stabilization system, no graph of consumer demand, no production schedule, no dole after old Sam Johnson rebuffed Lord Chesterfield. It was mere gambling with the Muses, with of course some lucky breaks like Dante, Shakespeare or Emerson. Is this modern or efficient? I ask you. And look what our haphazardness has brought us to: a third of this century gone—and not a genius in an anthology. This must *all* be changed!

The remedy is simple: the Planned Production of Books and Authors, with Regional Plans for the South and the reclamation of Hollywood. Thus, and thus only, can we have a genius or a classic when (or if) we need one. Thus we can break down the tyranny of "The Age" . . . the silly notion that one Period must produce only one kind of literature. That concept in economics almost ruined Henry Ford with Model T. Everybody admits we have the plant to double our capacity for anything so let's double the quota of geniuses; and flatten out these cyclic literary depressions when the Greeks did only epics, the Elizabethans only drama, and the Dark Ages nothing at all. Planned Literature will give you what you want when you want it. Our Age will be all the Ages. That is the great adventure!

The Plan will have three divisions: (1) the National Council on Literary Production to decide what books we need; (2) the Eugenic Bureau of Genius to breed authors with the right sets of chromosomes; (3) the Overseers to assign the genius to the job and make him produce. The Overseers may well study Russia and must have full police powers, especially for prevention and epidemiology. To stop sick books and epidemics of books is almost as divine as to foster good books. Censorship will, of course, be pre-natal. The Eugenic Bureau may take centuries to get going, but this is not one of these short-order plans. Moreover, laissez-faire often took a millennium to strike on a Master Mind.

We shall face opposition. Plans do. The omnipresent Economic Planners, natural monopolists, will try to fit Literature into Division III, Department XM, sub-section 7 of their Plan along with the designing of gingham prints and statuary for radiator caps. And they will have brutal control over the power that makes our paper and runs our presses (*vide* Russia). But we shall meet them with the General Strike. They seem to need an awful lot of words about their Plans (and they are rather vague on words) so we shall simply refuse to write about any other Plans until the powers-that-be (be what? be where?) accept the Book Plan. Utopias are the monopoly of poets and these usurping engineers and economists must be prosecuted for restraint of trade in the names of Plato, More, Bellamy and Herb Wells.

There are signs of Plan in the air. The publishers have the Cheney Plan and the Norton Plan but they concern the minor problem of how to keep publishers and authors from starving. That is a preliminary; the real Plan may let some of them starve. The timid experiments in the eugenics of birth control for books offer a good ideal—"Fewer and Better Books"—but say nothing on the real need of fewer and better authors. Hence Bureau II. The Soviets began with the right doctrine, planned books for planned proletarians, but recently they have gone molly-coddle to the old opium of letting authors write anything they want to or can! Our best hope is the Literary Anarchists like Stein, Cummings, and Joyce; they know their own minds (if nothing else) so they junked the outworn grammar, punctuation and vocabulary and have a nice new Plan for Language in Progress. But they are dangerous; Society is not yet ready for Planned Anarchy. We shall welcome their advice but put the dictionary under a dictionary dictator. On with the PLAN!

THE first step in this modest proposal is a referendum on needed books. Letters & Life will welcome lists from readers. Meanwhile I'll tell the world what I want:

Item: One trilogy (at least) of historical novels on the panorama of these States, the march of the frontier from Coast to Coast. The time is ripe for an epic; we glimpse the magnificence of the theme; we feel nostalgia for our past; we muster literary pride and independence; we have even done parts of the story. All we need is a genius of the order of Virgil or Cervantes. The Eugenic Bureau might try a mixture of Walt Whitman, the Hergesheimer of Three Black Pennies, Stephen Benet, Evelyn Scott, Willa Cather, with a dash of Henry Adams. You see why planned literature needs planned authors.

Item: Twenty volumes on The American Scene from 1880 to 1930 woven on the branches of one family. We might get the ghosts of Balzac, Zola and Dickens for this series. Matthew Josephson's Zola shows what brute energy it took to record the story of the Rougon-Macquart family. The set would start on the farm and end in the pent-house, and cover the impact on Puritan-descended rural America of science, the city, machines, big business, reform, women, and international expansion. I want a composite of the energy and psychology, philanthropy and domestic life of the empire-builders like Morgan, Frick, Carnegie, Huntington. What kinds of forces were these men? I want novels on the engineers and inventors that remold us. What of our surgeons (Mayo) or journalists (Hearst)? Of the builders of bridges and the dreamers of skyscrapers? What a novel could be written around a settlement house to illuminate our whole life! And on the women—Jane Addams, Carrie Chapman Catt, Emma Goldman! But no sex for sex's sake. I do not mean, of course, transcripts of private lives, but giant murals of these types and forces that made us. Our novelists shy off from these themes in fear, but the seed for tomorrow may be found in Lewis's Arrowsmith, Upton Sinclair's Boston, and the staccato symphonies of Dos Passos.

Item: One book from the young men, possibly in collaboration, offering a clear statement of what they think would make the "good life" in modern America, "around the corner" in 1940. We know their disillusion, now we want their illusions. Criticism and catastrophe (inner and outer) have broken society almost to its elements. Youth can rebuild the elements almost to suit themselves if they'll stop looking back, stop lambasting the natural weakness of the race, and draw up their specifications for happiness. Here's where we are, however we got here: here is a vast plant and powers: here are you with forty years of life ahead. What do you *want* of these years, Glenway Westcott, Michael (*Continued on page* 363)

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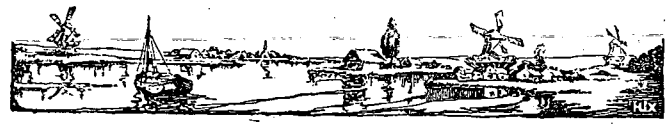
Traveler's Notebook



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Vacation Suggestions

ARE you going to be near Venice any time before November 4? The International Art Exhibition is on until then; and that means occasional fetes and music festivals in the one and only Venice. And surely no one should be close to Venice without taking the motor trip through the Dolomites—huge mountains of a sort of coral-colored rock which guard (not so successfully during the War) villages and valleys rich in vegetation.

FOR a simple, intimate, outdoor holiday of walking, climbing, canoeing and such in Europe, consult Oskar Bock of the Amt Für Studentenwanderungen (Vienna VII, Döblergasse 2/26).

THE International Student Service (3 Endsleigh Street, London) will tell you about joining a work camp, a small labor colony of students and workers living plainly together in a rural or industrial district and working on some pressing practical task. These camps vary from the Swiss work-colonies, organized annually in the Alpine villages to help rebuild communities damaged by natural disasters, to reconstruction schemes such as that organized last year in Bryn Mawr, Wales, to provide amenities for a derelict Welsh mining town.

IF you are going to England, find out from the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland (295 Madison Avenue, New York) what will be coming off during your stay. For instance, in July a number of celebrations of a local-atmosphere sort will take place, such as the annual procession of the Worshipful Company of Vintners in Upper Thames Street, a custom dating back to 1205; and the Haslemere Music or Dolmetsch Festival, within easy reach of London, presents an unusual chance to hear chamber music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries played upon viols, lutes, clavichords and other instruments for which this music was specially written. A series of open-air masques and dances in Hyde Park will be sponsored by the League of Arts. And on special days many of the royal and private gardens will be open to the public at a small fee collected for the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Of general interest is the innovation of the Show Boat (or Alexandra) which will ply on the Thames daily during the season. Decorated with lights and flowers and equipped with an excellent chef and band, you can take tea, dinner or supper while sailing past some of England's landmarks.

AN international summer school will be held August 15-September 25 in the Ulmenhof Settlement, situated in a park in Wilhelmshagen, a suburb of Berlin rich in woods and lakes and consisting of newly built cottages for working-class families, a home for destitute children, one for psychopathic children, a domestic school for girls whose fathers were killed or disabled in the war, and a residential people's college. The course of study will cover conditions in Germany, England and the United States, and will be carried on in both German and English. There will be ample opportunity for recreation and the session will wind up with a week's walking tour. (Volkschochschulheim Ulmenhof, Berlin-Wilhelmshagen, Bismarckstrasse 24.)

Soviet Travel

THE first number of Soviet Travel, an illustrated monthly in English, published in Moscow, is an exciting jumble of stunning photographs, cartoons, sepia inserts, articles and notes on art and science, thrown together with a merciless abandon. It is unfortunate that the type is a small, tightly set bold face which discourages reading; for once over that barrier the tales of the old and new in Soviet Turkestan are fascinating. Subscriptions may be placed through Intourist, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Four dollars a year—thirty-five cents a single copy.

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(*Continued from page* 361) Gold, Harlan Hale? Suicide will not do—the sorry exit of brokers. Communism is a means. Stoic endurance is a useful emergency reserve, but stoicism becomes a bore. You cannot loaf around being stoic for half a century. We who begin to die admit you are in a tough spot, tough above all in your burden of consciousness. The answer will come through consciousness. Challenge the world for what you want. *Carpe diem,* but don't just carp. . . .

Item: One satire on thing-worship, surface-worship, publicity-worship, size-worship, speed-worship, done by the descendants of Swift, Voltaire, Mark Twain in heroic couplets after Pope. There is a grand job of wrecking to be done on fool ideas, and what a wrecking crew!

Item: Books for fun . . . and that's an order for the Council, for folks have such odd ideas of fun. I would trade the serious list if, dearly beloved, I could have just another helping of: Lamb á la Charles, fairy-tales by Charles Perrault, Mother Goose (Mickey Mouse is not metaphysical enough), a Treasure Island, a Sherlock Holmes, a Kipling of Kim and Indian tales, Little Women (this list is unfairly masculine), new Negro spirituals, Les Trois Mousquetaires, Pickwick Papers, some Keats, Browning, and old Robert Herrick, and an introspective modern autobiography as deep as Henry Adams's. All this means is that I am middle-aged and yearn for the first fine careless rapture of books when I was very young. P.S. The only mathematician who ever actually got *into* the fourth dimension was the Reverend Charles ("Lewis Carroll") Dodgson. It's a forlorn hope, but I do wish Einstein with his fiddle would pop down a rabbit-hole on a summer afternoon. I could stand a lot of things better if there were more Alice in Wonderland. And a girl in curved space would be charming, I'm sure, dancing in and out of the quanta with a glint of radium on her curls.

Item: This is personal, too, but I petition the Council to discover a commonsensical person and order him to write a Primer of Psychology: what we know about same and what we can do about what we think we know. It could be a short book.

Item: One little book of faith for moderns. It is a very lonely task finding dignity and courage for man in this cosmos we have unrolled for our humble race. We could find comfort in a book of common prayer. This is the most needed book in the world.

That's The Plan. I note only one omission: something must be done about planned readers. Shall we leave that to the Mystery in which all Plans are born? I think our best hope of getting both the readers and the books is to join in the old cry: "Author . . . Author!"

LEON WHIPPLE

BOOKSHELF

Books may be obtained at the prices given, postpaid of Survey Graphic

THE CONFLICT OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE MASS IN THE MODERN WORLD, *by Everett Dean Martin. Henry Holt. 200 pp. Price* $2.

IN these lectures, the troubles of our time are explained mainly psychologically—by the excessive and often mistaken desire for a "scientific" attitude, the results of mechanization in industry, the centralization of control in the state, and with the ineffective struggle of the individual against the inner as well as the outer tyranny of the "crowd." Dr. Martin realizes as few others that the remedy for democracy is not "more democracy" but a recognition of its actual dangers and difficulties and a new balance between individual and society. Not new slogans but a careful working out, by study and experiment, of the necessary changes must be relied upon to prevent a historic catastrophe.

THE EMERGENCE OF MAN, *by Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace. 294 pp. Price* $2.75.

THIS volume, with decorations by William Kermode, is a clear, readable and informing account of the emergence and development of man out of his primitive, pre-historic, animal backgrounds and into the fullness of his mental powers and complex social relationships. Mr. Heard writes with fidelity toward general scientific principles, but he makes a colorful, pictorial story out of his material. The reader simply sees an historical process and the workings of scientific principles in the way Mr. Heard conceives of them. He selects important phases of this development for emphasis, and makes a wise condensation of vast source materials.

A RABBI TAKES STOCK, *by Solomon Goldman. Harper. 247 pp. Price* $2.50.

DR. GOLDMAN decries the assimilation of the Jew, asserting that the reward individual Jews will gather from clinging to the faith of their fathers is a heritage of rich and inexhaustible tradition. Civilization, too, will gain (*Continued on page* 367)

Medical and Hospital Insurance for American Wage-Earners

Employees of mining, lumber and railroad companies secure medical care (for non-compensation injury and disease) on the insurance principle. A growing number of American families are insuring medical and hospital care by paying a fixed amount periodically to a hospital or "group clinic". Do these plans afford a basis for generalized voluntary medical insurance for 40,000,000 wage-earners? Are trade union and employee sick benefit funds capable of development to include medical care in addition to "income protection"? What are the prospects for compulsory sickness insurance legislation? Is the attitude of doctors towards "contract practice" an obstacle to medical insurance?

These and other questions are discussed in "THE PURCHASE OF MEDICAL CARE THROUGH FIXED PERIODIC PAYMENT" by Pierce Williams of the staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research. (320 pages, 6x9, cloth-bound.) Price $3, postpaid, from The Survey, or the publisher.

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(*Continued from page* 363) because the Jew, in his minority position, will ever prove a decisive factor favoring peace and scientific progress. Although the author continually fights shy of investigating the complete connotations of his arguments, this is one of the most provocative books on Judaism issued in recent years. Only one chapter is devoted to the internal religious troubles in Israel; the others discuss the ways of Jewish life in modern Christendom. One contains an excellent description of Jewry in godless Russia.

GENEVA'S DOUBLE CROSS-ROADS

(*Continued from page* 360)

was custodian. It was a personal grief to him, exceedingly his business.

Much could be said in favor of choosing an American as Drummond's successor, unlikely as it is to be done. There will be natural rivalry and politics in the contest. Selection of another British representative is hardly to be expected; there has been considerable feeling from the outset, exacerbated at times of friction in national interests, on the part of other nations, the French and Italian especially and now the German as well, that the administration's color and tendencies have been over-predominantly British. The right kind of American, familiar and sympathetic with the history, technique and aspirations of the League, might be a solution of all this, as well as embodiment of the abiding hope and belief that Uncle Sam shall yet sit at that council of the world. The only man whom I have heard seriously discussed for this possibility is Newton D. Baker, Mr. Wilson's colleague and secretary of war, whose loyalty to the League never has waned, even though lately he deprecated any injection of the subject of our membership into the field of American politics. I do not know whether in any circumstances he would consent—I doubt it; but his fitness is unquestionable. Raymond Fosdick, Drummond's first associate, is another whose appointment might bridge the gap. Arthur Sweetser, who knows the League inside and out and has been one of Drummond's closest intimates—the only survivor of the original American group, would fit with distinction. And there are other Americans who could do the job well. But it is almost too much to hope.

It is likely that Thomas's successor will be his long-time deputy, Harold Butler, like Drummond British, and like both Drummond and Thomas in this service from the beginning. I have left myself no space in these constricted pages to pay tribute to Thomas, whose task has been no less difficult that Drummond's, whose vision and courage have been no less distinguished. In a later issue I hope to make good the omission and to outline the achievement which will be his monument. Meanwhile we may see what the nations do with this double emergency and opportunity.

PHYSIC FOR DOCTORS

(*Continued from page* 359)

danced herself out of the schoolroom into pageantry and spectacular folk plays, like a brilliant moth escaping from her drab cocoon.

Another girl with a splendid mind but a plain body, found herself at work with an alien race who did not appreciate the fine points of American faces, and to whom therefore she looked like anyone else. With them she never had to shrink into herself because they thought her ugly, and of course in time she forgot to shrink with anyone—for one secret of beauty is to decline to be disturbed over the charms that one lacks. And there was the stout homespun woman of middle age who turned out to be so much more of a success with timid immigrant women than her younger, more stylish and collegiate fellow-workers. These highly trained young women, who represented all that the perfectly groomed worker should be, scared their charges into a dumb trance. But the broad, red-faced woman of ample tread and generous girth, foraged in their kitchens, applied mustard plasters, pounded their babies on the back or shook their tipsy husbands by the collar. Kind, muscular and not too finicky, she was a type they understood. As a conference chairman she was hopeless. In a fractious and disorderly kitchen she was a potentate.

Granted that in hard times one can not pick and choose too much, yet even in the war we learned that pouring unselected men into a funnel and turning them out in uniform, did not make an effective army. For the long hard grind, we made better progress by saving the engineers for the fortifications, the doctors for the hospitals, the artists for camouflage, the chefs for the mess kitchens.

We seem to be in for a long endurance test. Why forget all the lessons we learned in the last one?

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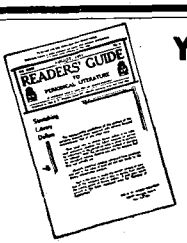

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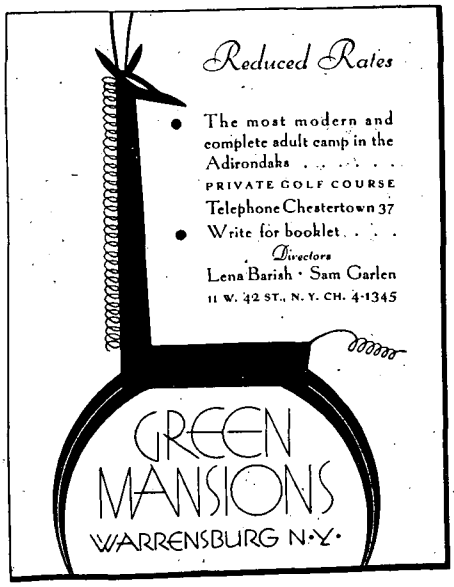
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